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THE OLD MAN'S DARLING;

A

SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES.

BY

BESSIE GARLAND.

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THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

CHAPTER I.

Urged to write a book—Schools, colleges, and professors—Parentage and birthplace—Brother Baptist—Early conversion—Sister Annie's death—A beautiful funeral—Cause of leaving the parental roof.

I HAVE been requested at different times, by different persons, in different places, when talking over some incidents in my humble life, to write a book. The last time I was urged to do so was by a beautiful young lady in the town of B——, Miss Mc——. She said, "Mrs. G., do write a book." I said, "I can't write a book." When I was first born there was no royal road to learning like there is to-day. The high-schools, seminaries, and colleges, were not studded all over the land as they

are now, until I am almost of the opinion of the old lady who said, "they were ruining the country with schools." When I went to school—the little I got—we had to carry our fuel with us every day on our arm with our books; neither had we so many professors those days; now we have professors for almost everything. Only last summer a professor advertised to teach a class how to back out, and hold their trains, after being introduced to the Princess Louise. Now, I thought if I could not find some natural way of going out, I would adopt Tom Thumb's plan. After being introduced to the Queen, for all he had been previously trained, he backed a ways, and then turned and ran a piece, and then turned and faced her again, and so alternately, till he got out.

Still the regret of my life is, that I did not get a better education. Still this young lady urged me, till I said in the language of Samantha, "If I should write a book, who would read it." She said, "I will." "All right," I said, "I will write the book, and dedicate it to you and send you a copy." And now I make the humble effort, without any pretensions to authorship; but trusting, should it ever see the

light, that some humble travellers like myself, who may have to paddle their own canoe through this wide world, may find as I have done, that we need not go a warfare at our own charges, but that the eyes of the Lord are over His children, and that "He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps; and as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, even so is the Lord about them that put their trust in Him, henceforth and forever." Hoping God may bless what may be said, to some humble souls, seeking Him whom their souls desire to love. With this object in view, I commit this humble story to paper.

I was born in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, the Emerald Isle, three miles from the picturesque town of Enniskillen, and one mile from the hard rocks of Lisbellaw, famous in the history of Ireland. My ancestors crossed the Boyne with King William, Prince of Orange, of glorious and immortal memory, when he beckoned them onward, and said, "God will be your King this day and I'll be general under." That is one thing I like him for. Though he was a king he knew there was a King over him, a King of kings, and Lord of lords. And

he knew in vain the warrior strives unless the Lord guide the battle. Their names were Ford, they forded the Boyne; the Irish of Ford is shallow water. I will not say that I am a descendant of his, I mean King William, but I don't know that I am not. I cannot give the exact date of my birth. I was never more than three miles from the spot where I was born, till I started out into the wide world and took no family register with me; and besides, I am now a widow, and there are two classes of ladies who never like to tell their ages, namely, widows and wise women, as the maiden ladies are now called. As I don't intend this to be a dry story, I may be excused if I put in a joke now and then.

My grandparents on both sides were, what may be called in England, gentleman farmers. And when father and mother were very young, father eighteen and mother sixteen, they made what was quite fashionable in that country—a runaway match and got married. Their parents being very well off gave them a good set out and they were very well fixed in a worldly point of view; but were both very

young, and never having known what it was to provide the least thing for themselves, were very inexperienced in providing for the large family with which they were blessed in after-years (blessings in disguise), twelve children. The consequence was means were getting limited, and the accommodations too small. I was the sixth child. As early as I can remember, the Spirit of the Lord strove with my heart, and I would go away in a room by myself and commit to memory whole chapters in the New Testament; and a little later, Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest, and the Pilgrim's Progress were books I loved to read. As I grew older, I became very anxious to find my Saviour, of whom I read in the New Testament, and who I learned had suffered for me on the Cross. My parents did not profess religion, and if they went to church at all they adhered to the Church of England; I did not receive any help from them; I don't think they knew that I was anxiously seeking my Saviour; as about this time I went to a cousin's to spend a time. I had a brother, named Baptist, who liked to go to Methodist meetings, and as I was a favourite

of his, he used to take me with him sometimes by the hand: once he took me with him to class-meeting. Then there were prayer-meetings, and oh, how I did like to go to them! By this time I got away by myself where no eye but the All-seeing could see me, and pray to Him who seeth in secret. Sometimes in a little grove near the house, by a little river in a ravine; sometimes away out in the field by a thorn hedge, a beautiful spot made doubly beautiful by the presence of my Saviour, though I was not yet satisfied that my sins were washed away. Sometimes I would go out to this field, like Isaac, at the eventide, to meditate and then kneel in this retired spot, and look away beyond the stars, and in the language of one of old plead, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! I would come even to His seat and order my cause before Him; I would tell Him I am a wretch undone, without His saving grace." Oh, how precious the memory of those happy places! They are some of the brightest spots in my life, and thanks be unto God when I sought Him with my whole heart, He was found of me. About this time there was a sort of protracted prayer-meeting

in our neighbourhood. At one of these I was so wrought upon by His Spirit, I was resolved I would not let Him go unless He blessed me. Still, when the meeting broke up that evening, I was not yet satisfied, but would not give up. I was stopping at a cousin's. Cousin's wife met me, and said something about alarming the neighbourhood. Nothing daunted, though it seemed a rebuff, I went upstairs to my room. I fell on my knees, and the burden of my prayer was :—

> Tell me Thy name, but tell it now,
> Art Thou the man that died for me ?
> The secret of Thy love unfold.

And, blessed be His name, He did set my soul at liberty, assured my conscience of its part in the Redeemer's blood, and bore witness to my heart that I was born of God. And though so many years have come and gone since that, I can say :

> With joy I remember that once happy place
> Where Jesus revealed the sweet light of His face ;
> That was the dear place, where my heart was set free—
> Where Jesus made known His salvation to me.

My dear brother Baptist, of whom I spoke as being my favourite brother ; one morning

noticed him pacing the floor, in a meditative mood, and heard him say to himself, "There is corn in Egypt." He said this in a thoughtful and pious mood. Young as I was I thought it meant something, but I said nothing. He said nothing more to any of us. But before going out that morning he picked me up in his arms, and kissed me several times, and said, "I will never forget you." These are all the words I remember of his, and I never saw him since. He started with another young gentleman that morning for Scotland; some time after he sent me a beautiful little Testament, which I still treasure up among my choice things. Our people lost his address, and when I was old enough, I never knew where to write to him. But I hope he kept near to God, and I hope to meet him in heaven.

The next bereavement we had was the death of my beloved sister Annie, two years older than myself, and to me the light of the house. We were always together, and shared alike in all our little enjoyments. Annie who had been delicate for some time suddenly took ill, and the doctor was called in, and I ran to meet him, crying, "Doctor,

doctor, don't let her die ; do all you can for her, and don't let her die." But in four or five days from that, Annie had bade us farewell, and gone, I hope, to join the shining ones, "where death can never come, and where the inhabitants never say I am sick."

The next thing I remember was a beautiful funeral procession—if such it could be called. They would not allow a hearse ; she was carried by a long procession of young gentlemen and ladies—two miles as well as I remember the distance—and that without any distinction of creed—to her last resting-place ; "till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and meet the Lord in the air, and so shall they ever be with the Lord."

Though over thirty years have passed since, I never saw such a beautiful funeral—a long, long procession of young ladies, all dressed in pure white, with black sashes, and the young gentlemen dressed in black broadcloth. The young gentlemen on one side and the young ladies on the other, a long, long procession of each. From that day, home lost all its charms for me, what with mother's untold grief, and my loneliness.

I too made up my mind to leave the home of my childhood, and seek corn in Egypt, or elsewhere. I thought when sister Annie was gone, who could not bear me a moment from her side while she was sick, how could I remain there all the time without her? So I said to mother, "I will never stay home any more. I will never stay a night in the house." True to my word I started—next day, I think it was. I had a brother married. I made a visit there, and my father had a cousin, Rev. Adam Ford—same name as my father, both Christian and surname. So I started there, and remained with them three years or more, till I started into the wide, wide world. Cousin's wife was a highly-accomplished lady, and a beautiful woman. He married her in England when he was stationed there. Her maiden name was Mary Bently. Her dear husband died about three years ago. They have now two sons practising medicine in England.

Now it was I thought of going out into the wide world, my young heart warm with a first love, the love of God in Christ to a world of sinners lost. I there and then made up my mind that one life at least would be devoted to His

service, and that without reserve. And I thought if I was away from friends and acquaintances, that I would be away from all temptations—foolish thought—and have nothing to do but to love and serve God all the time; and that this should be the one object of my life, and that one life at least would be devoted to His service. I had thought for a long time, whenever I was big enough, I would go to America; this I used to say when quite a little girl. Now my desire became quite strong, as though this might be the place where I might be away from all temptation, and have nothing to do but to love and serve God all the days of my life—that being the height of my ambition—and as a matter of course, all other things would be added. For in those days, everybody in the Old Country thought that if they only had their passage paid to America their fortune was made, and that the gold was almost for the picking up. They had strange conceptions about this land at that time—forests and tall pines, and frozen winters, and scorching summers, and log cabins, and corduroy roads, or no roads at all; and last, not least, plenty of bears. Some houses in the towns were

shingled with tin, and glistened in the sun, and when the emigrants saw them at first sight, looking on them as bright harbingers of the promised land, they thought, as the sailors had told them, that the very houses were roofed with silver!

CHAPTER II.

Strong desire to see America—Bought a quadruped, my first, and a profitable investment—My cousin, Rev. A. Ford —My first labours of love after conversion—Our praying band about to be broken up—Preparing for the voyage, Canada my fate—A cow to be sold—Cousin Ford—Halted when on the way to take my passage, and a promise given me—My reverend cousin takes me alone into the parlour to advice and lecture me—He was a self-made man, but possessed a quick temper—How he expelled bad members —Grief of my parents and relations—Something tugging at my own heart-strings—Father gives me four years to go and see the country, if I would promise to return then —The promise.

FROM my childhood, I had a desire to go to America, as soon as I was big enough. I would tell them at home, and at my cousin's, but they never thought it would amount to anything but talk; but I meant it all the time. I seemed to have been born with a disposition to travel; and it was to America I wanted to go to. Now

this was quite an undertaking, and I knew very well it would require money to accomplish it, and how should I acquire the funds! I knew my people would not give me a cent for the purpose, as my parents could not bear to have any of their children go from home, or out of their sight. My eldest brother, William, some years before, had his passage paid to America, and had to give it up, as mother took on so they thought she could not live. Well, how was I to get the necessary funds? I most always managed to have something to call my own, however little, and I devised a plan. I had some pocket-money, and I went to a fair two miles off. Fairs were very plentiful there, where you could buy or sell anything when you had the money.

So I went to the fair and bought a quadruped, that some time would be a cow, if it lived long enough, though I came very near buying something that would never be a cow, if it lived to the age of Methuselah, as I never thought anything about the gender of it. There was only one thing prevented it, the old gentleman that was selling it was very deaf—his name was Billy Clark, and I was ashamed to keep hallooing at

him about the price. One of my brothers was somewhere in the distance where I could not see him, watching my movements, but I did not know it. But fortunately I started to another salesman, where I didn't have to halloo so loud, and made a purchase, and it happened to be the right gender, though I hadn't sense enough to take any more precaution, and I knew no difference till I went home to cousin's with it; and my brother, who was watching my movements, had them all bursting their sides laughing, telling them I was buying Billy Clark's male calf. After this I will call it a cow, I may have reason to speak of it again. They all laughed at me, till I would almost have given myself and the whole thing for five cents. But after all I was not to be laughed at as far as my plans were concerned.

Though it is enough to make one laugh,
Says Lizzie, I do own a calf,
And when that calf grows big enough,
I'll sell it for poor lucre stuff,
And that will pay my passage o'er
The Atlantic sea to Western shore.

But this will seem a long time to wait for this cow; but time flies fast, and I was young. In the meantime I would be accumulating more funds. I brought the calf to my cousin's, the Rev. Adam

Ford's, and he let it run with his cattle, and I could see it every day at least for a year, as I made that my home. He was a Methodist minister — they mostly called them preachers them days. He was very kind to me, and encouraged the disposition in a person to acquire. He was a self-made man himself. He was an itinerant, but kept his family located on a beautiful place, formerly the residence of a wealthy rector of the English Church, and he used to come home as often as he could. As I said, his wife was wealthy, handsome, and highly accomplished. The very thought of the place makes me long to see it. Before the snow would be gone, the snowdrops, lovely crocuses and primroses, all in their turn, springing up spontaneously, along the walks and the boxwood-hedges and sweetbrier, and last not least, the daisies and violets ; a beautiful gentleman's residence, avenues to the house, and fruit of all kinds, and a beautiful farm attached, near the town. But I did not make my home there because I had not a good home at my father's :—

> But when my sister Annie died,
> No more at home would I abide ;
> And so from home I went away,
> With Cousin Ford some time did stay.

When it had been a year there, I sent it home to father's, and told him to be kind to it, telling them the part it would take in my future prospects—I mean the critter, as the Americans would call it. Mother said if she thought that for a moment, it would never eat a bit of the world's bread, and I believe she meant it. In the meantime my heart was aglow with the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, so that—

> I longed to tell to sinners round
> What a dear Saviour I had found;
> To point to His redeeming blood,
> And say, 'Behold the way to God.'

For this purpose I attended all the means of grace available to me, and conversed with my neighbours when I could. My cousin kept what was called cotters, or labouring men, to work the farm. One of them was a Roman Catholic, he was married to a Protestant woman, and just as big a Catholic as him, as they generally are when they marry Catholics. His name was James Maguire. I got talking with him about the interests of his immortal soul; he got deeply affected, and big tears would trickle down his cheeks. His brother-in-law worked on the same

farm. He was a nice man, and had been a class-leader at one time. His name was Rutherford. I told him my concern about James Maguire, and he was interested. At this time we had glorious meetings around the neighbourhood, and were not afraid of a breach of etiquette if we shouted glory to God or Amen. True, we had not so many fine churches as we have now studded all over the country. Often when I look at their grand proportions, and think of the comparatively little effort that seems to be made for the salvation of the world, how I do think of our meetings in the neighbour's houses and school-houses! But I suppose they think they have shown us a more excellent way. It might now be considered vulgar to shake one another by the hand and ask how they are progressing in the way to heaven when going out of church on the Sabbath Day. That would be old-fashioned Methodism. But, oh, the happy times we had in that old school-house! John L. was a teacher in it. He was converted, and was very zealous and talented; he laboured hard in the service of God, and for the salvation of souls. But to him and us it was, indeed, a labour of love. We were a band of

love, a three-fold cord, not easily broken. We longed for the prayer-meeting evening to come round. I saw one young man after he had got converted there, you could have wrung his pocket-handkerchief: it was as wet as if just taken out of a pail of water, first from tears of repentance, and then from tears of joy. He was so happy I believe he hardly knew whether he was in the body or out of it, and he started climbing up the roof to go, I suppose, straight home to heaven, like the man who wanted to follow the Saviour, instead of going home to tell his friends what great things God had done for him. But we knew he could not go to heaven just then. So Mr. L. took the precaution to hold up his hands underneath him, so that when he came down again to earth he might not find the change any greater than it need be, by coming down too heavy.

Another beautiful picture I saw in that school-house, that was Mr. L.'s father and two sisters weeping at the penitent form among others, and he leading the meeting, and us all praying. The remembrance of these meetings warms my heart as though it was yesterday. Mr. L. is now

the Rev. John L., in the Methodist Church of Canada. I had the pleasure of meeting him in this country, in my own house and elsewhere, when the Conference met in the town of B——, some years ago. I was not surprised when I heard he was a minister.

To return to my friend, James Maguire. I saw him every day for some time. I asked him if we might have a prayer-meeting at his house; he gave consent; but I did not have it published till I consulted with his brother-in-law, to know if he could help me to carry it out. He said he would, and on the next Sunday evening I asked Mr. L. to publish a prayer-meeting at James Maguire's for next Thursday evening. He did so. He was rather astonished and said he would not, only he knew it was on good authority, and from a reliable source. My brother was there, who seemed always to keep track of my movements. He went and told my cousin's wife that I had a meeting published for James Maguire's. She knew that he was under convictions, for she had also been talking with him, being a good Christian lady. But she was afraid I had not done right, as he was a Catholic, and there might be trouble;

and besides, who was to provide the lights, &c., and he was not so well off. Those times we burned candles. I did think, perhaps, I had got myself into trouble, but thought the Lord would provide some way. My brother, too, kept teasing me right before cousin. His name was Robert. I told him not to be too fast, as he might be the first who would be down as a penitent at said meeting.

I did not sleep much that night, thinking how I should manage; I rose early next morning, before they were up and started to see Mr. Rutherford, to ask him to help me; not to let it fall through, and talk about the lights, and so-forth. He said we would fix it all right, not to fear. So it went on, we had a glorious time. Mr. Maguire and his two daughters, and my brother Robert, and a lot more were all down as penitents. Didn't I have satisfaction out of that brother! We had a guard to keep watch outside, and we had a guard of angels inside, and a number of conversions, among them Mr. Maguire, my eldest brother (who was a prayer-leader), and an uncle who came some distance to attend the meeting; and we had a time never to be forgotten. But

as everything in this world is transitory, these happy times must soon come to an end, and our praying band must soon be broken up, and we must be parted never all to meet again till we meet on the fair banks of deliverance.

Some years after I had been in the country, I wrote to enquire after Mr. Maguire. He was still faithful and travelling in the good old way; but his friends who lived at a distance, when they heard of his conversion, were in a terrible way, and offered him inducements to recant—among the rest they offered him a cow—now a cow in those days was quite a consideration to a poor man. But James stood firm. Said he, "You are very kind. I might take the cow, and then I might soon die, and I might lose my soul." So I hope he kept faithful and that we shall meet in Heaven. All earthly happiness comes to an end. Our praying band must be broken up soon, where we had so many happy times, sometimes hating to give up when our candles were burned out in their sockets, and finishing our prayer-meeting by the light of the moon, hating to give up; but the time drew near when we had to break up altogether. One Sunday evening we had our

last fellowship-meeting in the dear old school-house, and amid feelings which no one can understand, except a soul in its earliest love. Brother Laird gave out the touching hymn, of which the following is a verse :—

> Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
> When we must be parted from this social band,
> Our several engagements now call us away,
> Our parting is needful and we must obey.

He was going to Dublin, to College, and I was going to America : to the land free from care, as I then thought. We were all to be scattered to the four winds of the earth. My own experience was that evening, though soon to be separated from all my friends, were the following words :—

> To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
> And to go from my home, all affects not my heart ;
> Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day,
> From the blessed retreat where I'd chosen to pray.

But now the dreaded time had arrived when I must prepare for the journey I should take ; all to be done for Jesus' sake. For so, like Moses, I would go from friends away, my love to show. But then I thought I was going to a land where I would have no temptations, a land free from

care—foolish thought—and a land flowing with milk and money—nothing to do but serve my God and find my way to heaven. For let this world go as it might, I had started with that intention.

By this time there was a cow to be sold; for it kept on silently growing when other cows were sleeping. I don't think it ever stopped growing from that blessed day. They laughed so much at me and it, I won't say it grew for spite; but one thing I will say, it became a cow very young. I might feel bashful to write so much about a cow, but good old Jacob had plenty of live stock, and he looked out for the calves too, to see if they were speckled, and I ain't any better than him. But how to get mine sold was the next thing to be thought about. I well knew none of our family would sell it for me, as they were all in trouble at the thought of my going, and, of course, would do nothing to forward it. I asked father or one of my brothers to sell it, but no. I told them I must sell it myself. I knew that I could not very well drive it to the fair, but thought if I had it there I could sell it.

I was still at my cousin's. I have not said much about them yet, but will have occasion to say a little now. My cousin, Rev. Adam Ford. I was used the same as one of their own children, of whom they had five when I was home, and one more afterwards, two sons and four daughters. Both sons are medical doctors, now practising medicine in England. The eldest, William Bently; the other, Thomas Arthur. Bently we always called the eldest; his mother's name was Bently. He was about eleven years old at this time; he drove my cow to the fair for me. I set a price on it and would take no less. I got all I asked.

Sold it was and I got the pay to help take me to America. But my dear father and that brother were watching my movements where I could not see them. And when father saw I was determined he spoke to a gentleman, an acquaintance, to talk to me and prevail on me to stay at home, and he would double what funds I had and put it in the bank; and in two years send two of my brothers with me. But I said, "No, father, if they should go and not like the country they might blame me, and if I did not like it I would come home again." It seemed as if I

must go, though they tried every way to stop me, and said if I did as father wanted me to, it might be the beginning of my fortune. I said that I would tell them more about my fortune after I had crossed the Atlantic. All this may seem strange, that I should be so bent on going contrary to the wish of all my friends. But I believe we cannot fix the bounds of our own habitation. It seemed as if Canada was my destiny—whether Providence or fate.

> On Canada my thoughts would run
> From early morning till the setting of the sun.

And now I had no time to lose, as the party I was going with would soon be starting, and were already making preparations for the journey. I well knew that it would take all the courage I could muster to break away from all my sorrowing relatives, parents, brothers, and sisters. My dear father and mother would not be comforted. I, starting for a country I knew not of! They used every means but force to prevent me going, and that they did not like to do; as they prevented my eldest brother years ago, and he always kind of reflected on them for it. I never in all my life saw my dear father shed a tear, only on account

of my leaving, and I his favourite child. The party I was going with consisted of eight persons—Mr. Rutledge, wife, and two children ; his mother-in-law, a fine old English lady, I think she was ; a sister-in-law, a young lady about my own age, and another young woman, a neighbour's daughter. The family—the man and his wife—were class-mates of mine. The class met in his father's house ; the two houses were joined under the same roof. It was my first class. That was all the relation they were to me, and I in those times thought that a good deal. We were all brothers and sisters in Christ.

I had told Mr. Rutledge that I was going with them, at which they seemed quite pleased. But now I thought that I must go and ask him to secure my passage, at the same time as he did his own and his family's. It was towards evening when I started to go to his place, which was about half a mile distant. And when I was about half way, on a grassy plain, I was involuntarily stopped right still. There was no person near me, yet I heard as distinctly as if a voice spoke to me and said, "What are you doing? You are going away contrary to the wish of all

your friends, to a strange land, and you don't know where you are going." I stood stock still for a time, as if waiting to hear what further, with something of the spirit of young Samuel when he said, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." I was still standing, when, as distinct as if it was spoken in an audible voice, the words flashed across my mind, "Go, and I will be with you, my presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest" (Exod. xxxiii. 14), as originally spoken to Moses; and in addition to the verse, it said to me, "Go and I will be with thee, my presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." I thought the words were Scripture, but did not know then where to find them. I think it must have been a year afterwards when I came on the passage, when reading my Bible; and it caused a thrill to pass through me, just as when I believed the words were spoken to me by a celestial voice. And when I said in answer, "It is enough, I am to go, that settles it." And I never had a doubt but what the Lord decided it there and then. I thought there must be some Providence in it, as I had no desire to disobey my parents, never was disposed to do so. Oh! how I re-

member the spot; I never shall forget it while memory holds her seat. I think I will call the place Bethel, my mind being fully made up that if God would be with me and bless me in the land, free from care, to which I thought I was about to journey, I would serve Him all the days of my life, whether many or few. For this was the chief object I had in leaving home and friends. Then I proceeded on my way to Mr. Rutledge's: this was about evening-tide. It always seemed to me a beautiful time to meditate, ever since I read that Isaac went out into the fields to meditate. That would always occur to me when I used to go out to a beautiful retired spot in the field, by a beautiful clipped thorn hedge, and,—

O! I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget,
I'll ne'er forgetful be,
That there I saw that bloody sweat,
In dark Gethsemane.

My friend, Mr. Rutledge, said he would arrange for my fare with theirs. I told him if mother should call and say anything, not to take it ill; as she thought they were encouraging me to go. That being all settled I went home,

and the next day my cousin, the preacher as we called him, took me alone into the parlor, to talk to me. Up to this time he had not said much to me on the subject.

He asked me what I was going away for? that I had a good home at my father's, and if I did not like that, that I could have a good home with him, and,—

> That I with him might ever stay,
> At least until my wedding-day.

And said he, "You know I can command thousands." I thought he was talking pretty big, and I thought there might not be much of it for me, but said nothing. Then he began to tell me that America was not what it was cracked up to be, if I may use the phrase. Said he, "What I know about it is from geography." Then he told of the dreadful frost and snows of winter, and the scorching suns of summer, and the corduroy roads or no roads at all. The corduroy roads were logs laid in parallel lines, and the vehicle would jump, he said, from one to the other. Then the log-houses and lots of bears; then he told me of a young man he knew on the circuit

he travelled, who had an uncle and aunt in America, who were all the time writing for him to go; that they had 300 acres of land, and had no children, and it should all be his when they got through. At last he was induced to sell his little property and start for America, and when he got there, by enquiring, he made his way as directed, to a log shanty in the woods; just a little patch cleared, and knocked at the door, and a tall figure of a woman, all burned brown with the sun, came to the door, and he did not know her; but she knew him, and she screamed. Her husband was chopping a little way from the house, and he thought it was a bear at his wife, and ran to the shanty as fast as he could; and it was his nephew. The only thing I have forgotten is, whether it was three days or three weeks he stayed with them; and then he put for home again, but had spent most of his money. And, said he, "I have a brother in America, who is always writing about the good things of America; he is rich, but the last letter I had from him I told him to write me some of the bad things of America; and I have not heard from him since." Said he, "Only I am afraid

of the sea, I would go the whole way to see him, just to see for myself." He did not like the sea nor did he like to see people go to sea; it seemed more of a job to cross the sea those days than it does now; then it seemed more like starting for a voyage to the next world, instead of as now a week or ten days' journey in a steamer; some have been sixteen weeks on a sailing vessel. I listened attentively till he got through, and I said to him, "I am much obliged to you, sir, but I am bound to see America. I always thought when I was big enough I would go, and if I don't like it, I will come home again;" then he said, "I will say no more," and there and then wrote his brother's address for me, and said that I was to go right to his brother's, and I could tell him all about him; and, said he, "You know I can command thousands." His brother, Robert Ford, Doctor Ford's father, died in St. Mary's three or four years ago; then he went and told his Mrs. that it was no use to say any more to me, that I was bound to go, and for her to fit me out with everything I required, and to give extra money with me; and to go and see Mrs. Nixon and

Rutledge, the party I was going with. Mrs. Nixon was Mr. Rutledge's mother-in-law, a very fine old lady, and to give me in their charge; to see that I should want for nothing. And if there was any expense just to drop him a note and he would remit the money; and she went and made arrangements, and I was to fare same as her own daughter, and so I did.

My cousin was very kind to me; he was very gentlemanly, and considered a very talented precher of the gospel, and she was a perfect lady. He was rather quick in his temper. When he would be gone a week or a fortnight we would run and meet him and kiss him; and sometimes we would be just as glad to see him go again, mounted on horseback with his back towards home. As I mentioned before he was a self-made man, and he thought everybody should be doing something and would tell us how he'd done. Many a time we children would run from him, he after us with a whip, to go either to our books or something else; those that were big enough. He had five children, two of them are now doctors, practising in England; he would sometimes take me up on

his knee, and kiss me, perhaps after scolding me, and say, "you are my own anyway. When I was a poor boy working for my board, trying to get an education your father was walking around in frilled shirts and top-boots." My father's family and his father's, that is our grandfathers, were large on both sides, and while my father was getting away with a fortune, his were making their fortune.

And there was quite a number of professional men among them, doctors and ministers, &c. This will account in a measure, for him wanting everybody to be at something. One day he came in, and his little daughter was doing nothing, and he said to her ma, "have you nothing for that girl to do? If you have nothing else, put her to scouring the tongs." I never could think of that without laughing to this day.

Some may not know what that meant; in the Old Country where fireplaces are so much used, the fire-irons are kept bright, and polished, the fire-shovel, poker and tongs, as well as the grate and fender. He had a school-teacher come to the house three days in the week to teach the

children, and sometimes he would chase us all with the whip, off to the school-room to our books, and if the children could not parse a sentence he would give it to them; when he would come home they would catch a good thrashing. Some time ago I met a minister in this country who knew him well, and knew all our family and we were talkingabout him. Said he, "Do you know how he used to expel the members when they didn't do right?" I said, "No." Said he, "He took them by the collar and threw them out." And he assured me there was one he knew, in the Methodist Conference now that he had served that way, and I well believe it; and, perhaps it was the saving of him. I write these things, as I made my home so long with these dear friends. But the dreaded time draws near, when I must bid farewell to all my dear friends, and go out into the world to a country I knew not of; to me an undiscovered land. Yet, when the time drew near to leave and all things were ready, gladly would I have retracted. When I saw the grief of my dear father and friends, I felt a parting pain tugging at my heart-strings, but I tried not to display a

lack of courage, and I tried to conceal my feelings. By this time my dear friend had my chest packed with everything I needed, and my friends brought me presents. Father was there; she asked him to go and see how well it was packed, but he would not look at it, his feelings would not allow him. Next morning, our party were to start on the journey, and we were to meet at a place appointed, some time after daybreak, and as I had never stayed at home a night, from I left after sister Annie died, I went home to stay the last night; some of my cousins came with me, other cousins gathered at father's and neighbours and friends gathered in; and we sat up all night, and what with the grief of mother and family and the house full of people, I believe it looked more like a wake, or as if I was going to the next world. I kept up my courage as well as I could, while my heart was sinking within me. I thought it would be cowardly to retract, so I tried to keep up, and keep all as cheerful as I could. But when the time came to part, I felt it hard to break away from those ties that bind to home and friends; but I must be courageous. Dear mother thought me hard-hearted; I

said it was time for us to part; my sister Jane would not bid me good-bye, she was so full of grief; I came in again to get a good-bye from her. My dear father felt like leaving all and coming with me, he said. But I said, "No, dear father; you cannot do that." At last he consented to give me four years to stay and see the country, and then to come home again; and I promised him I would:—

The promise was in four years' time
I would again see Paddy's clime;
But then you know the famine came,
I stayed away, I am not to blame.

CHAPTER III.

Now we are off, my brothers come a day's journey with me—My first disappointment on the way—Catching up to the train, for my first ride on a rail-car—Bound for Belfast, my guardian and the company thought they would never see me any more, that I was lost—Name of the ship, the *Conqueror*—The accident, I wanted to go home—Fairly to sea, we waved good-bye to warm-hearted Erin—An old lady cries to her husband, "take me out! take me out!"—Jane the Conqueror and beetle-heels—Divine service on the deep—A visitor joins our party away out in mid-ocean and becomes one of us—Our gallant ship the *Conqueror*—My guardian does not want me to leave her.

NOW we are off; two of my brothers came with me a distance; one of them after giving me a keepsake, in a coin, went back. The other came on as far as the City of Armagh, and when we were nearing the city he picked me up in his arms off the conveyance. I wondered what now. He carried me across the road and

imprinted a number of kisses on my cheek, and said I had almost broken his heart, and then set me on the conveyance again. After giving me a keepsake he had in his pocket, and then we watched each other out of sight, I going on, and he going back; each watching for the last look, and now after so long a time the tears are blinding me so I can hardly see to write.

We put up at a hotel in Armagh, and after breakfast next morning, we resumed our journey. And now begins my

First Tragedy.

Though that may not be a proper name for it, still I will call it that, as I am now out in the wide world. We were about a mile and a-half from the city, when I discovered that I had left the last keepsake my brother had given me at the hotel, and right or wrong I must go back after it. My friends said I could not, as we were to catch the train at the next town, at two o'clock I think it was. I have forgotten the name of the town, but I think it was ten miles from Armagh, and that was the nearest railroad to our home those days. And our good ship the

Conqueror, was to sail the next day or the day after; all these were good reasons why I should not go back. But right or wrong I must go back, not for the value of the thing, but being the last gift, and then they told me I would never find the place. But I thought I could go right to the place, though I had neither number nor street, and had never been in a city before. I jumped off the conveyance and started back afoot, and told them I would try and catch up to them again. I went back to the city, and I suppose if I had searched from that day to this, though it is now over thirty years ago, I would not have found the place, or even the street; after looking till I saw it was a hopeless case, I gave it up as a bad job; and I knew if I could by any possibility catch the train or ever see the party again, that I must make the most of the time, and there was no conveyance. I had to foot it all the way, and I will say there was no grass grew under my feet while I journeyed to that town.

When I got in sight of the town, I met some one, and asked him if the train was gone out yet. He said, "No, but it would be in less than

ten minutes; but if I would hurry up I would catch it." And I had been hurrying for all I was worth ever since I left Armagh and long before. But I did not stop to parley about it with him, you may be sure. And I just reached the train in time to get aboard. They were all so glad to see me again; my guardian received me with open arms, and she had been crying, thinking they would never see me again, and I thought I would not leave them any more whatever I should leave behind. "All aboard," and on the first railway train I ever saw—it was strongly built. But not as nice as a Pullman car; but it rolled us safely along to Belfast; we got there in good season. There we took quarters till the next day at a hotel and then started for the wharf, to our good ship the *Conqueror*—that was the name of the ship we were to sail in. About the last thing we bid good-bye to was a turf-stack, some of them said that is the last you will ever see. I had no idea what we should have to burn. I was journeying to a land I knew not of; but relying on the promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Having reached the ship all hands commenced

to make arrangements for the voyage. One of our company and I went up town to get some little nick-nacks that we could not bring from home with us, and that we thought would keep fresh for a few days at least, and when we returned the *Conqueror* was out quite aways in the sea without us. Some were hallooing aboard to passengers left behind; others were going out in small boats and scrambling up the sides of the ship, amid great excitement.

Tragedy the Second.

I didn't get excited; but I said to a gentleman who stood by, "Won't the passengers get aboard?" He said, "O yes, they are just hauling out the ship; it will come in again." So I was quite contented. Our party were all aboard but us two. Presently the ship was coming into the dock, and presently I was knocked down senseless, and didn't know what hurt me: the blood spouted from my temples. Some two or three picked me up and took me away to some house and got a doctor to dress my wounds. I bled profusely and some of them thought that I was killed, and they said, "Where are her friends?" That

was too much for me. I commenced to cry bitterly. I then felt that I was indeed out in the wide, wide world, and not a relative near me. My guardian was on board and knew nothing about it. It was the immense thick ship-cable that was thrown on the wharf to stay the vessel. It struck me right on the temples, that caused the tragedy. I now began to feel my weakness and like Pliable, in "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," I said, inside of my mind, "If this is the way the fair country has to be gained, you shall gain it alone." For myself I wanted to go home, but my companions began to make fun of me, and said that I was the one of all others that wanted to go so bad. I thought myself it would look cowardly to go back, and I plucked up all the courage I could muster, still hanging on to the promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The next day we set sail, and waved farewell to warm-hearted Erin, the land of our birth, the home of the hospitable, generous, and brave:—

All being ready, we at last
Sailed from the port of sweet Belfast,
Across the ocean far away
And landed in America.

Fairly out to sea, all seemed in good spirits, and some full of mirthfulness, notwithstanding they were on the mighty deep. One old lady, when the sea was a little rough, cried to her husband, "Take me out, take me out." He said "Where will I take you to?" A voice from an old man with a wooden leg, "Take her out into the cabbage garden."

Our good ship the *Conqueror* surmounted the billows as they tossed in their tremendous play. Never before did I feel so fully the force of the passage, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the great deep."

Our party were nearly all very sea-sick, and suffered a great deal, especially the first part of the voyage. I was the only one that was not sick. It would have been better if I had, for then you are stronger when you get to land. I tried to be as useful as I could in the way of getting them a drink, or the like of that—they said they would have died only for me. Though it was difficult to get near the fire to fix anything, with so many around it. There was a fine large

girl on board; tall and stout in proportion, who made things fly round the fire and everywhere else as far as the limits of the vessel would allow. Her name was Jane, and it was amusing to hear her. She would make flummery and everything as if she was at home; but few would like to eat after her cooking; sometimes, just when she would have a potful of flummery strained, all ready for the fire, the ship would give a heave, and away she would go and her pot of flummery (sowans, they call it in the Old Country). And then how angry she would be, and every one would laugh at her, and that would make her so angry. And the man with the wooden leg would be sure to be on hand to tease her, and would say, "Jane, I think you would be a splendid hand to milk; you would always let the cow put her foot in it." I said one day we would give her the same name as the ship, and call her the *Conqueror*. We gave it to her, and she kept it for the rest of the voyage. It was fashionable to have nick-names for the folks around, and I thought that it was very appropriate for her—she was such a good hand to get along, and cared for no one.

One day some of the more merry-making of our party and those close by thought that they would have a little amusement at her expense, and they made a long train of old rags and pinned it to her skirts, and she never knew it was there until she went up on deck and went fussing around, and the sailors and passengers were in roars of laughter at her. She looked all round to see what was up, and when she discovered it, she ran down in a fury to find out who was the perpetrator of the deed, accusing one and then the other till she came to our party, and accused Miss C— and another lady. She was right this time; but Miss C—, who was very droll and sly, appeared quite innocent and offended for being accused; told her if she had not spoken so she would have told her who did it, but now she would not. ı!" she said, "do tell me, do tell me." , said she, "it was old Beetle-heels," —that was a big clumsy fellow with great heavy boots on, away on the other side of the vessel, that meddled with nobody; but because he was clumsy they named him "Beetle-heels." So Jane the Conqueror never said a word to him, but raced across the ship and pitched right at him,

and without any explanation. Of course, he defended himself, and a pitch-battle ensued to the amusement of all. "Now," she said, "will you ever do such a thing again?" And he never knew what it was for. Thus time sped away—meanwhile our good ship the *Conqueror*, hour after hour, leaped through the billows and bore us along. She surmounted the waves buoyantly, and went on conquering everything that came in her way; but I was not up to all her flirtations any more, nor even as well as my heroine—Jane. Hence my

Third Tragedy.

My guardian not being well, I was getting some boiling water for something, when she, the ship, took me by surprise, and by a sudden dodge she sent the boiling water down my sleeve, and scalded my arm pretty bad. As tight sleeves were worn then, some person, I believe it was the captain, being close by, slit my sleeve open with a pen-knife, and I got my arm dressed; it was sore all the rest of the voyage. After this, things went on as well as could be expected for some time. We had divine service at least every

Sabbath. We had a clergyman on board, who conducted service. Every Sabbath we got together, irrespective of creeds, and had our service on the mighty deep and joined in the praises of Him who hath given to the sea its bounds, and said, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Away out in mid-ocean, whoever could have expected such an event! From calls we considered ourselves plainly excused. No pilot-boat rides the waves, nor any other boat is to be seen, yet here comes a guest—a man came aboard and joined our party, and became one of us. He was a little man, and brought no wardrobe nor provisions with him. They were all waiting on and fussing with him, and he never said thank you for anything they did for him. He never spoke to anyone. He stayed a week or eight days. And what do you suppose they did with him? They sewed him up in a piece of canvas and put a weight to it, and took him to the lee side of the vessel and lowered him, and sent him away down among the sharks. I don't know whether they swallowed him up or not; but he never came back any more.

Nothing wonderful occurred during the rest of

the voyage. Our brave ship conquered all obstacles, and true to her name, with the blessing of Providence, brought us safe to land. Six weeks and three days on the water.

> "We had a fine trip across the sea,
> And landed in America."

We parted with the *Conqueror* at Quebec, and some of the passengers, and I think we had a steamer to Montreal. Poor Jane, the Conqueror, was said to have had a splendid wardrobe; but was so sparing of it that she wore the same dress all the way; but when she got to the wharf at Montreal she hadn't anything to wear. She had neglected to see them transhipped from the vessel to the steamer. She never thought till she got to Montreal, and then she was wringing her hands, for both her chests were gone, and she thought they had been stolen and taken away up the country. I was sorry for her. She went back with the steamer to Quebec to look for them. I never saw her again. I hope she got them; it was doubtful.

All our party had friends to meet them. My guardian had a son and daughter in Montreal, and they had a house already furnished, and we

went right home. I had a cousin in the city, not the one whose address I had. When he heard that I was there, came after me; but my guardian friends did not want to let me go, they were very unwilling to let me go; and said, "That while they had a loaf of bread they would gladly share it with me, and I should have a home with them always if I would only accept it. I went with cousin for a visit; but I was always of too independent a spirit to be dependent even on relatives. And when I set out in the wide world it was with the determination to paddle my own canoe.

CHAPTER IV.

My first class-meeting in America—My first home—Introduction to the Brown family Father dies before I could redeem my promise—My class in Sabbath School an answer to prayer—The Captain's family, Mrs. Captain's life a real romance—The beautiful pair of twins—A letter from brother R.—Mrs. Captain G 's grief at thoughts of parting—A picnic on Montreal mountain—A double wedding and a sight of my future husband—Moving to Kingston, tarrying behind to visit friends—A forced and unexpected marriage—An old man's darling—Making the best of it; moved away to St. John's—Soon found a home in the Church—A teacher's meeting called by the minister.

HEN I had been a few days in the city I enquired for the Methodist Church, for I had already learned that you must belong to one or the other, either the Established Church or the Methodist Church. Not like the denomination I belonged to at home. I think they must have been the Primitive Wesleyans,

for, like John Wesley himself, they adhered to the English Church for the sacraments. My hostess sent a person to show me the church. It was meeting evening they told me. I went in; it was class-meeting evening instead of public service. I was shown into a class-room, and everything seemed so different to what I had been accustomed to that I thought it must be a mistake, and that it must be in some other than in a Methodist Church. One thing, this was evening, and we always had class at a little after daybreak; and then they all sat rather unconcerned when the leader spoke to them, or they to him. At home we always stood up when the leader addressed us, and there was always a good degree of feeling and solemnity connected with our class-meetings in the Mother land. There were not many present, and the leader was a dry old Scotchman; and added to my misgivings about the meeting and the place of meeting, every prayer he made I think must have been about a thousand miles long. He went over all creation, asking for a little of everything and not much of anything. I said, inside of my mind, "Whoever he is, why don't he ask God for some-

thing, and see if he won't give it to him?" I found after that he was a Methodist class-leader and when I came to know him better, I believed him to be a very good man. I stayed in his class till there was only one beside him and I in it. His name was, I hardly know whether to tell it or not, Milligan. As I said, I think he was a very good man, and I knew him better afterwards—he made just as long prayers in his closet as out of it, for I have overheard him.

After class he stopped me for conversation knowing that I was a stranger in the city. I told him that I had just come from the Old Country. He asked, "What part?" I told him, but had hard work to convince him that I was not English. He said, "That I had no Irish accent." He then enquired about my future prospects. I told him that I had not determined on anything, that I was stopping at a friend's, and that I did not feel strong. I have always heard that people who are not sea-sick are never so strong or well when they get to land, and I found it so. He gave me his address, and some time after I went and called, the result was that I made a temporary home there. This is how I got better

acquainted with him, and I believe they say the best way to get acquainted with any one is to live with them for a spell.

His family consisted of himself and Mrs., and one son and a daughter. His Mrs. was a fine, big, fleshy lady, a member of the Church, but not quite as kind as him—rather a haughty disposition. It seemed to me that she would have liked, though on a very different island to Robinson Crusoe, to adopt his language, and to have been able to say,—

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute;
> From the centre all round to the sea,
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

For instance, soon after I went there, on election day, there was a big time. In those days elections were carried by vote, and the day I refer to there was a mob out with stones and shillalaghs. Constables had to be sworn in and the military called out, and a terrible time. We could see the whole thing out of the window. The soldiers with charged bayonets—and after they would throw a volley of stones the military would pursue them with charged bayonets. Then

she would say, "Look at them now, the cowards, how they run when the soldiers are after them. They are cowards after all," she would say. "The villians of Irish, I wish they would stay in their own country; we could live like kings here were it not for them;" and she gave me a look, same as if I was all Ireland, and I'm sure she must have known that I knew nothing about it, and besides, they were all belonging to a different creed. Shortly after this there was a gentleman of their acquaintance brought in bleeding profusely from a blow of a stone on the head; and then she was worse than ever. He is dead years ago; I called on her since his death. I think she must be gone years ago. I came west. I hope they are both in heaven.

Some time after this I went to visit my guardian, and, through a friend, got introduced to a somewhat interesting family, of whom I shall now speak, as I subsequently made my home with them for some time. The lady friend, after giving me an account of some of their peculiarities, said I might have a comfortable home with them if I would accept it; and as I was now fairly in the wide world, and having to

paddle my own canoe, still keeping in sight of the promise and understanding from my friend that they were pious, at least the ladies, I accepted and went to my second home.

The family at home consisted of the father, and mother, and two old maiden daughters—they had two others married—a son in the dry goods line, and a daughter married to a banker. The old gentleman, whose name was Brown, was at this time very poorly in health; so poorly that he never got over it, and I very soon found that the house was divided against itself, and as the Scripture hath said, "It cannot stand." The old gentleman, when I went, could just walk out to his flower-garden, with his cane to assist him. He had a very large flower-garden of which he was passionately found; he had at least an acre all in choice flowers, and that was what he seemed to amuse himself with as far as I knew. They lived on their income, and I don't think it was any too much. Very soon the old gentleman had to keep his room altogether. As I said. the house seemed divided; the old gentleman and lady occupied the upstairs and the maiden ladies the downstairs. As old maidens gener-

ally are, they were very fastidious, while professing to be very religious. But I am sorry to say their father professed none, and he nearing the end of the journey of life; at least he told me he had a creed of his own, but would not communicate with any one else; and I am sorry to say I never knew what that creed was. I was young at this time and was rather timid to ask him what it was, and I have been sorry for it ever since. Still I would put in a word now and then as I thought I could, for he took a great liking to me, and would converse with me on the subject of religion when he would not with any one else, and this is one reason I have always been sorry I did not talk more pointed to him. He always wanted to have me near him. He was very plain and out-spoken. But I do hope, though he left no evidence behind him, that by some way he may have found his way to God. The maiden ladies, his daughters, seemed very anxious about his soul, and would bring minister's wives and others to visit him, and when they would be gone he would tell me he could not bear them; their presence, he said, it was enough toknock you down. Said he,

"Them devils of old maids would poison you. I like to talk with you, but I don't want to talk to everybody—I have a creed of my own."

While the maidens were concerned about his soul, they did not seem to render him any assistance of body. He got so he could not help himself, and they did not offer him any assistance. But the old lady stayed with him all the time, and waited on him constantly. But the maidens thought every thing that came from the sick-room was polluted; so fastidious were they that if their mother came down for a pitcher of drinking water, I must be on the alert and take the pitcher from her and fill it, lest she should touch the dipper, for then it would be polluted and the whole bucket of water would have to be thrown out, no longer fit for use. But I must not tell their mamma that they told me that. But their mother began to see things, and it made her feel bad, and their father too; and I think it made him uglier than he would have been towards them. They attended a good many meetings and where one went the other went; they were always together, and what one said was law with the other. If poor women called on them,

as they often did, they would lecture them by the hour on religion if they gave them something. Then the father would hear them from his room and would halloo out, "Rachel, get up on the chair and give us a sermon at once." Then the other would say, "Upon my word I wish there was a thicker wall between pa and us;" and then they would both say, "It will be thick enough some day." Then the meals would be served and they would send up his dinner. He would sometimes send it right back to them and tell them the d——l with all his teeth could not eat it. Then they would say, "Upon my word, it seems as if pa wanted to make us willing that he should go, like Judas, to his own place." Of course the meat was no longer fit for use after having been upstairs, unless some poor person got it. Still the daughters would be busy in the good cause, talking with the poor, and translating portions of scripture into French for the French Mission, and attending Church wherever they heard a good sermon. They were not bigoted, still anxious about the soul of their father. Their married sister, Mrs. C—, was quite a different disposition. She was all for

society, and balls, and parties, and gaiety. She would come in her carriage to see pa, and she did not come empty handed. She would bring sometimes a nice ham, dressed and cooked. But before the maiden ladies would taste it, for fear it was not cleanly handled, they would slice all the outside of it off. Thus they must have made their lives miserable. Then Mrs. C— would prescribe mirth, and amusement, and dancing for her pa, and one day the sisters shocked at such a prescription came to me and asked me if ever I prayed to pray now, for the devil wanted to get pa and all the family were helping him. Of course I did.

In the meantime he kept failing, and did not like me long away from him; and as the daughters occupied themselves other ways, I used sometimes to assist their mother a little in waiting on him at which he was always pleased. But by-and-by the maiden ladies found I was doing more than they thought I ought, and they took me to do about it and asked me if I should injure myself for life who would take care of me, and they told me not to do it for I would surely injure myself, and if pa or ma asked me

to do it to say I was willing but not able; and said they, "They are able enough to get a nurse and if they don't do it they must do the best they can." I felt bad to refuse, but they done it for my good. They were very kind to me, and if the weather was cold they would not let me go out without a hood and a pair of mittens, even outside the door. Well, they got a person to mind the old gentleman, but still he would not like me to be long without seeing him, and he was very kind to me. One day he entered into conversation, as he said he liked to talk with me, and told me how long he had been cultivating flowers, and how much time he had spent over them. "But," said he, "they are not worth living for," and then I saw that he conconsidered, as everybody must who has not made preparation for the eternity beyond, that life itself has been a failure. O yes, he felt that even the cultivation of those beautiful flowers, of which our Saviour himself said that, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I believe this gentleman spent years and years at them, and this is what he said to me, "They were not worth living for." I

spoke to him as best I could, and hoped he might in some way find his way to God. Not very long after this he passed away; and when in his coffin his daughters strewed flowers all around and over him, saying, "Pa was always fond of flowers." But my thoughts were about his poor soul, and I thought of what avail was that if his soul was not in heaven. I thought in such a case it would be dreadful to have those flowers there. Still let us hope he is in heaven. I leave him in the hands of a merciful God.

His death made changes in the family, as death always does. The family thought, that is, his wife and daughters, that after some time they would move away out into the township, or some place where they could live cheaper, though they did not, I think, for a couple of years after. But they transferred me to their brother, his son of whom I spoke before. They let me go to be governess to, and look after the children, of whom there were four, three little boys and a little girl. But I was not, on any condition, to do anything else; and as they knew I was both able and willing, they kept an oversight of me, and by-and-by they said I was

killing myself, and wanted to take me away. As the old adage is, "A willing horse always gets plenty to do," they loaded on, and offered me inducements to do more than one pair of hands could, or ever ought to do. My lady friends saw this plainer than I did. I may here remark that, though they transferred me to their brother, John B——, they did not give me up but let me go on conditions aforesaid. But when they saw I was doing too much they wanted to take me away; but they would not let me go. By-and-by they got angry at me for not leaving and told me I was killing myself, and that I was doing it all for money. That is where the fun came in.

Nearly a year after this I was taken down very ill and the family doctor was called in, and he pronounced me very sick indeed, and said I must be removed to the hospital. With that I began to cry, the idea of any of our family going to a hospital seemed to me something like, "over the hills to the poor-house." I thought what would mother do if she knew that. But I was out in the wide world, and I knew that Joseph had his troubles at first when he went down to

Egypt, and I thought "In the world we shall have tribulation." "The servant is not greater than his Lord." Mrs. B—— said, "Doctor, if I thought she would get better I would not think of letting her go to the hospital. She might take something else and die." He said, "She won't get better unless she gets care and good nursing." I was crying, and I said, "Doctor, will I have to sleep with any one." He patted me on the shoulder and said, "No, you will have a whole bed to yourself: did you think you would have to sleep with a man?" "O no," said Mrs. B——, "she means, would she have to sleep with any other patient." I said, "Yes, that is what I meant."

Well, the cab was ordered and I was taken to the hospital, and the doctor pronounced me dangerously ill—scarlet fever, black fever, and some other fever. The most I remembered for some time after that was the excruciating pain from any amount of blisters. Mr. B. came to enquire for me every day, but was advised not to come in for fear of contagion. I don't know how long I was there, but one day I thought I would try to walk across the ward. I must have

been better, or I could not have got out of bed. I staggered over to where I was going and sat down, and then turned faint, and thought I was dying, and no person near me, but was not alone; my Saviour was near. I thought I was going, and I exclaimed, in the language of the martyr Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" but I had only fainted, and I thought I was so near heaven; but I soon found I was a poor tempted child of earth in the wide world. My lady friends heard from me regularly from their brother, Mr. B., and when they knew that I was better they sent a messenger to tell me when I would be able to come out not to go to their brother's, but to come home to them, and they would nurse me and take care of me till I got well and strong, but that I must not let their brother know where I was going, but to send for my wardrobe, and send it home there. I hardly knew how to manage that way, for I had learned their brother's family was expecting me home very soon. But I must manage as best I could, for I did not wish to displease my dear lady friends who were so kind and so interested in me. One day, a young lady, a class-mate of

mine, came to see me, and we got her to go after my things, but they would not give them to her; they said they were expecting me home every day, and wanted to know where I was, and, of course, she would tell nothing but the truth, and she said she was told not to tell where I was. This made them feel bad, and Mr. B. went off to tell his sisters and mother that I was gone out of the hospital, and had sent for my things, and told the messenger not to tell where I was. And they had seen him coming, and sent me away upstairs till he would be gone. And then they told me all about it, and that I must go as soon as I felt able and get my things, for they would not let me go back again; that if I injured my health, who was to take care of me. These dear friends were very kind to me, and had me waited on and cared for till I was strong again. I had to go after my wardrobe, and the family received me with open arms, and welcomed me home. But I was obliged to tell them I was not coming home, and had to tear myself away.

My dear friends saw me settled again, and soon after they moved away from the city altogether, and I have never seen them since. In the mean-

time my dear mother wrote for me to go home, and if I would consent to go they would send me money; and I wrote to cousin's wife, and she said they were all doing well, but she rather thought they were writing their letters with too deep a colouring, but all would like to have me home, and I hated to acknowledge that I would let them send me money, and a little later the famine broke out; though none of our people ever suffered, even those that were considered wealthy, if they shared any with their neighbours, had enough to do. Then I saw the loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father in not permitting me even to behold it, nor even to witness the dreadful sufferings that some witnessed in others, but sent me on before, like another Joseph, where there was in reality corn in Egypt —in all the land of this American Egypt, as my dear brother had remarked. All I was sorry for was that my dear father passed away before I had an opportunity to redeem my promise, though the time had expired and he had watched for my return; but one thing after another seemed to prevent, and I would not go home when my dear father was gone; it would be no home to me

then; I, his favourite; and what is home without a father? I was now more favoured with sanctuary privileges, being nearer the church and had more opportunities of attending the means of grace, and I found the way to be delightful in the service of the Lord. I desired it above my chief good. About this time a devoted class-mate of mine talked to me about being engaged in some active work in the service of the Lord, and I don't like to write what they said about myself; but it made me humble and happy, and I brought it to the Lord in my closet, and earnestly besought Him, if there was anything I could do in His service, to show it to me, and help me to do it.

The very next week I had a messenger after me to go and take a class in the Sabbath-school. This was a direct answer to prayer. When my class-mates found that I should have to change my class, as it met at the same hour as the school, they did not want me to go, neither did my leader like me to leave. Then I tried to have the superintendent to excuse me, but he would not hear of it. And, blessed be the name of the Lord, He has graciously been pleased to use me in

various ways in His service, though very unworthily. To His blessed name be all the praise and glory for ever and ever!

Shortly after the time I am writing I had an invitation from a young person to go to a panorama. It was to be shown in a theatre. He was a nephew to a member of the Upper House, but I declined, as I never went to a theatre. But there was service in the church, and I preferred to go there. About this time I was earnestly desiring the blessing of perfect love that casteth out all fear, and before retiring to my room I was anxiously pleading for this, and the Lord graciously answered my prayer, and gave me the blessing there; thus amply rewarding me for preferring His service to earthly pleasure. Yes, He blessed me there, and I called that place Penuel, I was so perfectly happy. And after retiring, I went to sleep so happy that I had a remarkable dream. I saw in my dream, far up in the ethereal heavens, a very bright light, like a fire blazing, and as though there were firemen working round it. And a voice said to me, that though I should be carried away up as high as those firemen in the fires of temptation, "Only be faithful and yours is

heaven." And oh, how happy I awoke, and I believed "that it was the gate of heaven to my soul," and that God was there. Soon after this, in the order of Providence, my lot was cast in a very excellent family, aristocratic, but good Christian people. Family worship regular every day. This was my last home in single blessedness, but I don't wish that to go any further. He was a Captain in the Royal Engineers, and afterwards Colonel. His name was Colonel G. They had six beautiful daughters at home, and one son, a captain in the army, in the Old Country, and those, including the Captain and Mrs. Captain G., composed the family. I was soon made to feel that I was a welcome guest in this excellent family. The captain himself was not above looking after things about the house, though he had a suite of attendants. Sometimes those attendants thought he was a little too much so for a gentleman, and they did not like it. For instance, every night before retiring—previous to my going there—he used to go all over the house, to see if all was right and everything in its place, and to see the gas out safe, &c. But he never did it after I had been there the

second ' r. He had perfect confidence in me, and believed that I would see that all would be right, and that nothing would go to loss. Indeed, he took to me at once, as did the whole family, and he did not trouble himself any more. Mrs. Captain G. was a perfect lady, and so were all the daughters; and they were all very fond of me, and I was of them.

I was now in the enjoyment of the fulfilment of the promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Corn in Egypt—the young ladies so kind to me.

Miss G. always called me Miss Lizzie, and sometimes if I had been out she would tell me when I came in, that there had been a young gentleman calling, enquiring for Miss Lizzie F. Then I would ask her did she tell him to call again? She would say she did not think of it. Then I would say, "It was too bad of you, Miss G. I would not serve you that way." Mrs. Captain G.'s young life was a real romance. She was one of a beautiful pair of twins, who survived at the time of the Revolution of France, 1792, when they were tearing the leather off their trunks and boiling it, to try to keep from starva-

tion, and when they had to dig trenches to carry off the human blood in the streets.

This handsome pair of twins was found by a wealthy English sea captain—the rest of the family killed, or dead and gone—and he took and adopted them, and took them on board his ship, and took them home to England, and sent them to a boarding-school; and when they were eighteen years of age he married the first-born; and the other twin made her home with her sister and friends for a short time. But the news of the handsome twin soon went round, and young Captain G. heard of her, and went to see her; and I am sure to see her was to love her, for they soon got married. This is a sketch of the life of my dear lady friend and the family where I now made my home. Captain and Mrs. G., afterwards Colonel G. But to resume and commence. I was enjoying myself in this happy home, and anticipating no change. I had been there some time, when one day I received a letter from my brother Robert, from the United States, for me to come to him at once, telling me where to go, and he would be waiting to meet me. This was the brother that was always watching my

movements at home; he had got married and gone to the States, and I did not know he was in the country. I was comfortably situated, but it was not to be wondered at that I should like to see some of my people by this time; so I told my dear friends, the young ladies, that I must go, at which they all felt sad. Mrs. Captain G. was away from home, I think at the seaside with some friends. She seemed to think all was right when I was there, so I would not go till she returned; and when she came home and they told her, she would not come where I was, she felt so bad; she kept out of my way and would not speak to me at all. And without explaning to me I noticed that if I happened to go in the room where she was she would pop out through another door and not see me. This went on for some days, till one day I was going into a room and she was coming out, and we met accidentally face to face, and without any explanation, she gave me a piercing look, and said she, "I can't bear to look at you." That was enough for me. I am naturally very sensitive, a great deal too much so for my own good. I said nothing but went off to my room, threw myself down on my

bed and began to cry, and by-and-by one of the young ladies came in, and Maggie S. said to her, "Your ma should not have spoken so to Lizzie to make her feel so bad." And she said, "Lizzie need not feel so bad, ma feels worse than her, she has not been out of her room these three days." In the meantime my friends were getting up a parting entertainment for me.

I had written to my brother that I would go, and my friends were getting up a picnic to be held on the Montreal mountain, and the young ladies baked for it with their own hands. At this time the Montreal mountain was a great place of resort for excursions and picnics. There were no houses on it but one, and that was called the Haunted House; no person lived in it. It was built by a man by the name of McTavish, but was never finished. It was said that he could never finish it, and that he hung himself. A view from the top of the mountain takes in the whole city and its surroundings. We had a splendid time and a magnificent entertainment, and when we returned all the household were urging me not to go. And the next day about five o'clock in the afternoon, dear Mrs. Captain

G— still in her room, sent for me. She wanted to see me. I went and she said, "What are you going away from us for? Haven't you a good home with us? And you have your class in the Sabbath-school, and your class in the Church, and you can go out when you like, what more do you want? We all think so much about you and the young ladies are all so fond of you, and I have not eaten anything for three days. Cannot you write to your brother and tell him that you are so comfortable; perhaps, we may all be going away next spring, and tell him that you will go then."

I told her that I had no reason for going; that I had a good home, and I liked them all so very much and I hated to go away from them; but that I had not seen any of my people so long that I felt that I would like to see my brother. But I said, "As you take it so bad I will put it off till spring." And the dear lady with that threw her arms around my neck and embraced me, and then said, "Now will you go down to the tea room and bring me up that tray with my breakfast on it? and I will try and eat something now." This was about five o'clock in the after-

noon. I went down to the dining-room and on the sideboard was some toast and a cup of coffee. The butler had carried it up to her in the morning, I carried it up again and she took it. I thought that it would have been cruel to go. I never can forget it. They thought more of me than I knew of, and I am afraid more than I deserved.

I wrote to my brother to say that I could not go till spring, and some time after I wrote him again, and still again. But I never heard from him since, and don't know whether he is dead or alive. But when the spring came round it was just as hard to part as ever, and I could not get away, for the Captain would not hear of it. Nor did I want to go, not having heard from my brother. But the family were moving away to Kingston and, of course, I was going with them; but before the spring came the family were lessened by two of our young ladies getting married. The eldest but one, and the third eldest. They were both married the same day, one to a doctor and the other to a captain, and that day, for the first time, I saw the man that was to be my future husband. He was a Veteri-

nary Surgeon, but did not follow it up as a business all the time. He was a great favourite among the officers. Of course we had a great day. "Every man, woman and child," as the old saying is, "were enjoying themselves;" and why wouldn't they, whether they belonged to the wedding party or not? As I said before, I was introduced to my future husband for the first time. Some time after the introduction, a friend of mine in the house took me into another room and told me that that man was dying about me. I put it in her own words, I said, "What man?" And she said, "Mr. G—." I said, "You must be dreaming, surely." She said, "Well you will see." And I had only been introduced to him. But she was right, and to make a short story of it, some young couples that were there that evening, married us for fun, and six months after, we went to church and got married in earnest. Though I never intended that it should come to anything more, as he was eighteen years my senior, and besides he was not a member of the Church, nor a teetotaller; but he joined both. Never mind that he told me afterwards that he did it just to get me.

Still he kept his temperance pledge for ten years. As I said, I did not wish to hear any more about it; but the Captain was particularly pleased to see me enjoy myself, and when the evening was spent, I accompanied Mr. G— into the hall, and stood a few moments. The dear old Captain hallowed, "Kiss him, Lizzie, and let him go." He bid me good night and said that he would soon come and see me again. I said, rather scornful, "Thank you, you need not trouble yourself." But he came again and again till I told them not to tell me when he came, as I would not see him. But he had one friend in the house—I don't mean one of the immediate family. She did all she could for him, and I told her not to tell me when he came, as I would not see him. After that when he came she would not tell me who it was that wanted to see me, and she would keep on at me to have him; and, at last I said, "Why don't you take him yourself?" She said, "He don't think anything about me;" and she did think very highly of him. And thus she kept on day after day, till at last I said to her, "Now you may as well hold your tongue, for I would as soon go down to

the St. Lawrence and throw myself in as marry a man I did not love." She said, "You don't know how much you would like him; you won't go in his company, nor you won't go with him for a drive, nor you won't do anything. But," said she, "If that is the way, I'll never say another word about it." He said, "that the St. Lawrence would be his bed if I would not consent." But all was of no use, and he stopped coming; but wrote me a beautiful letter, and said, "That if I would not consent, he was going to get married to some body else; but if I would only have him, he was mine till death and after." But I sent him word to get married, and that I hoped he would do well, and he was told things I should have said that I never did, for I respected him withall. He was a respectable man.

But I did not care to get married, and if I did he should be a man after God's own heart. I mean a good Christian man that would help me on in the Divine life. So I thought that it was entirely dropped. But to resume. The family, what was left of us, were all going away to Kingston, and Mrs. Captain G— was so kind to me. Everything was packed and shipped

to Kingston, but she and I remained behind for a few days to visit our friends, till everything would be settled and arranged in good order in our new home. She to visit her friends, and I to visit mine. My trunks were packed and gone except some things I kept out to visit in. Our goods were shipped on Saturday, and about the following Thursday Mrs. Captain G— and myself were to follow after. On Sunday I was at Church and met a friend who had called on me in the winter to accompany me to Church one evening. While she was there a young man came in, and said, "Lizzie, Mr. G— is going to meet you at Church this evening!" This young man did business for the family—a sort of steward—and he knew that it teased me to say anything about Mr. G—. I said, "I wonder who was so busy as to tell Mr. G— I was going to Church."

"I wonder if the time will ever come when people will mind their own business," said my friend, Miss Cox, who had called for me. I would like to see that man. I have heard so much about him. She had heard of us being married for fun, &c.: I said all right, if he is at Church I

will introduce him to you; but I thought he would not be there. But sure enough, when we were coming out at the Church door he was there waiting for me, and when he spoke, I introduced her on the word, and stepped in front of them and let her do the talking all the way. And ever after she wanted me to get married; she was very favourably impressed. I mention this as I shall have reason to speak of her again as the one who fixed my future destiny; and she was one of our party that came from home with us, the neighbour's daughter I spoke of. At this time she was engaged to be married, and was married very shortly after; her husband's name was Watson. I shall call her Mrs. W. for short. I said our goods were shipped on Saturday, and on Sunday Mrs. W. met me at Church, and after the evening service nothing would do but I must go home with her and make her a visit, she had been keeping house some time; I tried to excuse myself saying I had so many places to go; at this time she felt indignant, saying, "She supposed her place was not good enough for me." I said, "Mary, you know me better than that, but if you talk that way I

will go with you," and so I did; but after the public meeting they went to the lecture-room to conduct a prayer-meeting, and Mr. G. was present; and I think must have kept track of where I went, for next morning he was at Mr. W.'s on horseback, enquiring if I was there. Mrs. W. said "Yes," and invited him in; he said, "No," but, would be back at ten o'clock; and told what he came for if I would only consent. "Well, sir," she said, "I have been trying to persuade her to get married, instead of moving away. I think she is very foolish; I don't see what she wants." "Well, Mrs. W.," he said, "you try and keep her, and I will be back at ten o'clock," and he was. Then Mrs. W. and husband set at me, and I had no rest the rest of the day, and Willie was back again at twelve o'clock; and between urging and scolding they never rested till he and Mr. W. went and bought the license and they were to have us married next day at four o'clock; I took quite ill with excitement and was not well for weeks. I write all this to show how my kind friend, Mrs. Capt. G. got disappointed. Next morning when they wanted me to get ready, I said, "I

cannot possibly get married without telling my friend, Mrs. Capt. G.;" so they said I must take a cab. And Mrs. W. stuck to me, and would come with me; I thought in my own mind that if I got away I would start for Kingston; but she stuck to me when I told my dear friend: she was about as bad as when I was leaving her at first. And what hurt my feelings still worse, she thought I had it all made up before, and that I knew all the time that I was going to be married; what else could she think? and she felt awful. I was crying and told her it was quite unexpected to me and not at all premeditated; but I had not much time to try to convince her as the 'bus was waiting and Mrs. W. hurrying me; still kind, she said, I looked very sick, and gave me some medicine and told me to take it. And in tears, I bade her goodbye; but am afraid she always thought I knew it before-hand. Then she telegraphed to the Captain that Lizzie was not going up with her, and that her goods must be sent back; that she was going to be married. Then I told Mrs. W. that, "I must go and see my cousins; that I could not get married without seeing

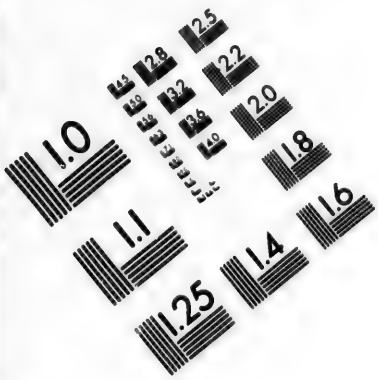
them." Thus I drove round, thinking my friend might have to go home. I have said nothing about being engaged to a young man of means at this time, but was, as they had a confectionery and bakery; and she attended the shop. But no, she stuck to me; and I told her there was still another friend I must see. Her husband had known me from a child, and she had a brother and they always thought we should be married. I went and as well as I could get it out told her I was going to be married; and she burst out crying, and begged of me not to let any one persuade me to do anything I might be sorry for all the days of my life. At this Mrs. W. said, "I was doing well, and told me to hurry up as the man would be waiting." With that Mrs. B. still crying, donned her dry goods and started leaving us standing there; and started to get Mr. H., a very holy, Christian man, a friend of mine, to come and stop the banns. His wife told me after that he said, after she went away, "That she would not have liked to have had her own banns stopped." After she started I said to Mrs. W., "Mary, I will tell you the truth, when I came out I intended to start for

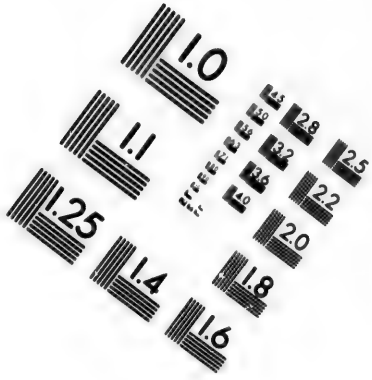
Kingston;" and then she scolded me and asked me if I was going to make a fool of myself, and a fool of her, and a fool of the man, and a fool of everybody; and the man had the license bought and everything. I said, "I could soon send him the price of the license." She said, "Come, hurry up, the man will be waiting." We went to her home; she dressed me up, we got a few cabs, and went to church, and before six o'clock, I was an "Old Man's Darling," though not so very old, only 43. I was previously engaged to a young gentleman who had gone ahead to Kingston. This being the case I made up my mind to make the best of it, though it was noised around that Miss F. was married, and she married so and so; and that it was a minister she should have had, &c. As I have said so much on this subject, I will now cut it short, by crowding a life of twenty-two years and six months that we lived together, into as small a space as possible. We moved away to St. John's shortly after. I felt relieved, I had had so much excitement. We soon found a home in the Church; I thought I should wed the Church of God, and have true peace of mind, whatever

else I might have. They soon put me to teach the first class of young ladies, however unqualified I might have been. To whom I got very much attached, and they to me: but before we were two years there Mr. G. found his business not very satisfactory, and was calculating to move away, but our new friends said we must not leave if business was the cause; and one gentleman said we must not if he could help it; if it were only on account of his daughters in the Sabbath-school. He was a prayer-leader. He said he would get him in as assistant with him, and he did; and Mr. G. was six months with him but never received any pay for it; he had a Government situation. My husband saw that would not do, and made preparations to leave. Our dear minister, the Rev. J. C., now D.D., called a meeting of the officers and teachers of the Sabbath-school, when they passed votes and resolutions, &c., and presented me with the copy. And our dear minister hoped that some Providence might turn up to prevent us going yet. And he related at the meeting a circumstance he knew of. One of his congregation on the other circuit, who was simi-

larly situated as ourselves, only he was a farmer. I think it is worth relating here. His crops had failed for years, and he had prospered so poorly that he must give up and leave. He was a good man and they did not want to let him go; and they thought they would try the power of prayer; and they called a meeting to pray for his crops this year, and if it proved successful he was to remain. There was one man at the meeting who was very powerful in prayer, and engaged in earnest, intercessory prayer for everything connected with crops. And he had splendid crops that season; hadn't had such a crop for years; nothing failed but the onions. Oh! said the praying man, I forgot the onions.

And writing this just brings to my mind something bearing on this subject, that I heard some years ago, about some raftsmen who were stuck in a place for water. They could not get out till there would be some rain; and they were there under expense, and they did not know what to do. And there was an old man who lived some distance off that was powerful in prayer, and it was said he always received answers; and the raftsmen made up their minds





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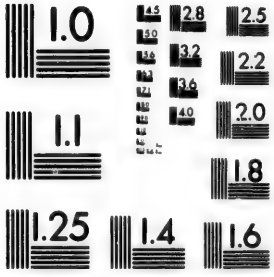

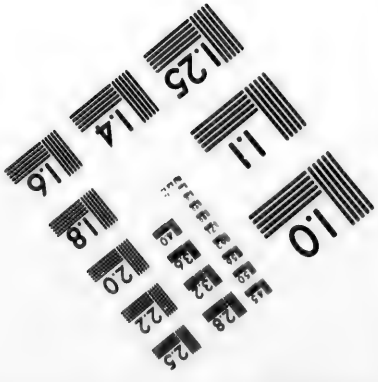

that they would go to him and ask him to pray for rain, and he did. And that night the rain came down in torrents, and when they went next morning to see the raft, it was washed to pieces, and carried with the freshet, and they said he had overdone the thing.

But to resume. My husband was telegraphed for to go West at once, and I was left to sell off everything and follow after. He had a good situation up west in the town of B——, that our minister called the garden of Upper Canada. A couple of years from that time we made a home of our own and had every privilege of attending the means of grace, which was always a comfort to me. We had service in our own house, prayer-meetings and class-meetings, and sometimes preaching. And I had the unspeakable happiness of being counted worthy, through the merits of my Saviour, though very unworthy in myself, to engage in every department of work in our Church and everybody knows that their name is legion. But it was my meat and drink to be employed for Him; but I sometimes had to eat it with

bitter herbs, like the Church in the wilderness. Still I would feel like singing :—

"On the mountains let me labour,
In the desert let me tell
How He died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell."

But I am no singer. The ward I collected for the missionaries on, for I think, seventeen years in succession, also another lady with me. I mention this department of the work simply to tell the extent of it. The extent of it on the north side was three miles, and on the east, the minister that appointed us, said that we could go to the end of the world if we liked. The other two sides were a little shorter and limited. Two or three ladies tired out during that time and gave up.

One day, sometime after we were married, I was going round the room doing something, and I noticed my husband's eyes following me with a scrutinizing, keen expression. He had a clear, sharp, hazel eye, and I looked at him not very pleasantly either, for I did not know what he was watching me so sharply for. I said, "What are your eyes following me all round the house for?" He said, "Just because I love the ground

you walk on." I thought this was so out of character for him, for he was not one to speak that way, though he was always pleased with everything I did. But lest it might be thought we never had any trials—and I want to have this book perfectly truthful,—the last three or four years of his life he became a kind of fractious; but I think it was because he was afraid he was going to die and leave me. He used to say, if he should die and me to get any one that would knock me around, what he would do. He was delicate, and for the last three years of his life he was ill all the time, and that accounts for it. Those who did not know what his sufferings were, would not know how to account for it. There is one thing, however, I cannot understand. Why gentlemen, getting up in years, always want to marry persons younger than themselves. How much more sensible it would seem if they married persons of their own age. Then they might hope, in the order of Providence, that they would not be left so long alone in the cold world. And I think women, as a general rule, cannot do like the men, take up with the first good thing that offers, and are often left to pine their life or the

remainder of it away. But of course, there are exceptions to this, as to all rules. And then they have to settle down like old women if they want to make themselves agreeable to their partners, and escape criticism; and then they cannot, if they want to go anywhere, or even to attend Church. Nine-tenths of the time they may either go alone or stay at home altogether. And this is hard for a person that has the vows of the Lord on them. My dear husband never hindered me going to Church; but many times he preferred staying home and taking his rest and comfort, after the day's business was over, and would say, "You can go." And as with Church, the same with any other entertainment. This is generally the way with all the old men who want to marry young girls. In a town where I was some time ago, a lady told me of an acquaintance of hers. That the girl's mother compelled her to marry a man a good deal older than herself because he had means. She compelled her to marry him, and she insisted she never would; but she got her in a room, and got the minister, and made her marry him. She said he was a good quiet man; but when she wanted to go any place he

was always too tired, and would lie down on the lounge; but would never hinder her to go. There was a young man boarding there who used to go with her to Church and every place she wanted to go. Her husband had no objections whatever. But some time after they had been married, her husband thought he could do a better business in St. Catharines—he was a miller—and he went to that city and built a mill, and when he had the mill in running order, he wrote her a letter, to take what money she wanted out of the bank, and get ready to move to St. Catharines. They had been living in London, Ontario. He wrote her to do as she thought best about the furniture—they had splendid furniture—whether to sell it or move it to their new home. She sold the furniture and took the money out of the bank, and invited a few friends, and called a minister, and gave in her maiden name and got married to the young man that thought it no trouble to go round with her.

She said she never married the other man, and never consented to marry him. The lady that told me this stood up with her and approved of it. I offer no opinion on it. I could not do it. I would rather sacrifice my life.

After getting married she wrote two letters, one to her mother, and the other to her first man, and left them to be mailed three days after her departure. In one she told the man she never considered herself married to him, &c.; and she told her mother she would never forgive her, and wrote her that she was now married and what her name was, and that she was never married before.

Her husband, some time after, he thought she should have been to St. Catharines, went home to see what was keeping her. He found the cage there, but the bird had flown. I suppose gone with a handsomer man; but that I do not know. But this I will say, I think it is a shame, that elderly men should always, or nearly so, be wanting to marry young girls. And I think it would be altogether more sensible to marry persons near their own age. Then, if in the order of Providence, one should be called away, they could better bear with resignation their solitary lot. I have been a widow for several years; I had a most indulgent husband. He was always delighted and pleased when he could supply me with everything to make me happy, and I never wanted

anything I could not have; but always took care to want nothing that was not within my means. His end was peace, and his last words to me were most tender and affectionate, even beyond description. And after conversing with me as if going on a journey, so intelligently, he said, "I would like to lay my head on Jesus's breast, and sleep there forever." I said, "My dear, you may," and he breathed his life out sweetly there; but poor Lizzie, as he used to call me, felt it dreadful to be again alone in the wide world.

CHAPTER V.

Seven weddings out of the Captain's inside of two years—A cure for melancholy—Experience as a book agent—Out in this wide world again—The boys in the lake, a thrilling tale by a mother—The mother's dream—Reception of the Governor-General and Princess Louise at Halifax—The Black Prince—Registering dogs by the chief—Real live Mormons—An anxious leaf—Ingersollville—Praying to the winds—Running a salt block after the resurrection.

UT I must now go back to where we commenced life, as I wandered away from it in order to cut it short, as I don't intend this narrative to be very long. I said we left the city soon after bidding good-bye to my friend, Mrs. Capt G——. We had been gone about a ye when we returned to the city, where shortly after I met them again, at least, a part of them. Two more of the young ladies were married and gone

one to another captain, and the other to a clergyman. The family were then reduced to the two youngest daughters, and they and their parents were as far as Montreal on their way to England. The Captain and Mrs. were taking the two youngest home to England to finish their education. I heard they were in the city and went to call on them. I had not seen the captain before since being married, as he had gone ahead of us to Kingston, as I before mentioned; and they were now visiting some friends in the city, previous to embarking for England. And I believe it was in the very same place in Sherbrooke Street, where I said good-bye to my dear friend when I was going to get married. It was in the evening when I called on them, for I feared they might be gone out before I should see them. Their kind regards were unabated; and I shall never forget how the old captain viewed me all over by the gaslight, to see whether I was failed or not. He turned me round and round by the light. Now, while I am writing, tears come unbidden, so I have made a blot. Had I not been married I would have gone home with them, and perhaps, married a baronet, or otherwise lived

with them for life. When he went to England he was promoted Colonel. There were out of that happy family, inside of two years, seven weddings, including myself. So like as is said in the nursery rhyme, "We all got married and away we went."

The Colonel and lady, I believe, came back to Halifax, and after a long and happy life were gathered to their fathers. I believe the family are all living yet. About three or four years ago, I had the extreme pleasure of seeing one of those first married, Mrs. Captain H.; but he was colonel years ago. When she was married she wanted me to go with her, but her mamma, much as she loved her, would not part with me. Captain, or I should say Colonel G.'s only son is colonel in the British army. I shall now bid this interesting and happy family good-bye, hoping to meet them all again, in that place called heaven, some of them I hope to meet on earth. But I must now go back to the commencement of my widowhood. I need scarcely say, that when my dear Willie was taken, after three year's declining health, this world seemed dark; life itself seemed almost undesirable; for to him there was no

place like home; and he was always there when not away to his business, and this made the bereavement more keenly felt. I then saw my weakness, and smallness of my strength in the day of adversity, and wondered that I could not more resignedly say, "Thy will be done," after all my life trying to serve Him in the different positions in the Church militant. Still, blessed be His name, He did not forsake me, and I had His blessed promises, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." I had no desire or courage to continue housekeeping, and our dear minister saw that a change was necessary for me; and through his kindness, went on my way to visit my friends up west—these were the friends whose address I had from home; the Rev. A. Ford's brother, &c. I had just visited them once previous to this on my way. I got an appointment as a Bible agent, which I have kept ever since—Bible and book agent—through the kindness, as I said, of that holy man of God, Rev. Mr. B——. Thus my Heavenly Father fulfilled the promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." Blessed be His name not one good thing hath failed of all

that the Lord hath promised me. This occupied my mind and enabled me to get an honourable living, though I had something left me, and felt glad to think that I could aid in some humble way in circulating the blessed Word of God, when I could not be active around the Church at home. This time I started out in the wide world with the blessed Bible as my companion. When I look back and see how the Lord has taken care of me, through dangers seen and unseen, and suffered no evil or accident to befall me, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. His presence has been with me, and He has given me rest.—Corn in Egypt.

And now, as I belong to that very useful—but sometimes abused class—book agents, I will pen down a little of my own, and some others, experiences. But before doing so, I will write down a receipt for melancholy, as I have been dwelling on the most sorrowful part of my life. Had I got this receipt sooner myself, and attended to the directions, especially the last half of it, I would have saved myself both money and trouble. I hope everybody that sees it will boil it down and take it regular.

Cure for Melancholy.

Take of the spirits of resolution, 1 oz.; mix properly with 1 oz. of oil of good conscience; infuse a spoonful of salt of patience; in order to procure the latter, distil carefully the flowers of a composing plant called other otherwoes, which grows freely in almost every part of the garden of life. Having mingled these ingredients, take a handful of blosoms of hope; sweeten the whole with balm of trust in Providence; and if, further, you can procure a little of the cordial of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered.

N.B.—Beware of a counterfeit and spurious kind of the latter cordial, which, while much commoner and entirely different in nature from the true, appears like it; its proper name is self-interest; and a small quantity of this poisonous herb is sufficient to spoil the whole composition. Make these ingredients into pills of comfort; take one every night when you go to bed and one when you awake in the morning.

N.B.—If everybody would take this medicine there would be less suicide committed.

I hope every one who sees this will boil it down, and take it steady.

Had I taken this sooner myself, I would have saved myself both money and trouble.

How Book Agents and all other Agents are Sometimes Received.

What I am about to write will give you an idea. When this new hired-girl came to work for the family, the lady of the house sat down and told her that book agents and all other agents, hat-rack men, picture sellers, etc., and all that class must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed. Sarah said, "She'd repulse 'em if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit." And she did. She threw the door open wide, and bluffed right up at them; when she got through, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that all agents marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door expecting to see a lady; but her eyes encountered

a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new Minister, and he was going around to get acquainted with the members, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this. "Ah—um—is Mrs. —ah—." "Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate. "Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see." "Meander," she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour sifters here." "You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly, "I called—" "Don't want anything to keep away the flies," she exclaimed, getting red in the face "Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head. "Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out," she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer.—Come, lift your boots!" "I am not an agent," he said, trying to smile, "I am the new —." "Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog." "Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?" "No, I won't. We are bored to death with cards, and handbills, and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day." "Didn't you know that I was a

minister ?" he asked, as he backed off. "No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings." "But here is my card." "I don't care for cards, I tell you. If you leave that gate open, I'll heave a flower-pot at you.' "I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate. "It won't do you any good," she shouted after him, "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds. I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant." And she took unusual care to shut the gate.

Experience in Book Agency.—Another Agent.—No. 2.

The husband and father was a mechanic, who had been two months out of work, with no immediate prospect of a situation at his trade. One evening he and his wife were sitting in the room by the fire, as the night was damp and raw and chilly. On the table between them was a pile of circulars, which the children were admiring because of their large type. The man

ran his fingers through his very thin hair on his head for the fiftieth time, and said, "If I only sell five a day that will be five dollars. Of course there can be no doubt of selling five, of course not." His mind contemplated a days' round among his townspeople. He saw that he could in that time visit forty families. And one out of every eight taking a book; a book so generally and cordially recommended. It was not an exaggerated freak of the imagination. On the contrary, looking again over the formidable array of recommends, this was a strikingly mild computation. There was a whine of regret that he had not taken the project in hand long ago. "But, even three books," said his wife, hopefully, "would pay well, or two books, two dollars a day is a good sum. What if there were ten, it's a pretty good leap, but it was not unreasonable. If there were fifteen, it would be better." It would be a good joke if he was getting away below the mark, and it might possibly be so. A smile unconsciously crept into his face, as these thoughts filled his mind. "I hain't felt so encouraged for months," he said to his wife. "We have bemoaned our ill luck, but how do we know but that my

being thrown out of work was the best thing that could happen me." "I hope so," said his wife. Poor woman! she had need of encouragement. And it was a good thing to see the tired eyes brighten. It was a long time since they had. He looked into her expectant face, and his own grew brighter under the inspiration. Presently he roused himself with the remark, "Well I must go abroad early to-morrow morning, as I'll have a long day's work." Whereupon his wife prepared the children for bed, and pretty soon the father and mother retired, but hardly to sleep. At nine o'clock the next morning he was ready to start. There was not as much enthusiasm as there was the evening before, but that could not be expected. Daylight is eminently more practical than lamplight. His patient wife made his old suit look really presentable, and prepared a lunch of bread and butter, to eat at noon. For he expected to be too busy to come home to dinner. The lunch he carefully stowed away in his pocket, and his canvassing books he put under his arm. "Lizzie!" he cried dropping the books to fold his arms around her. "Oh, John," she murmured in a

broken voice, "we are so poor, God help us." Then she lifted her head, wiped away the tears from her face, and smiled as she did it, to show that she was herself again. Thus reassured he took his books again and sallied forth, and the pitying husband was left behind, and a book canvasser appeared instead. Striking off to another part of the town his malignant presence soon darkened a doorway. The servant appeared in answer to the summons. She looked into his lean face, which, to a prejudiced person, had a somewhat sharkish aspect, and then at the parcel under his arm, and shook her head in a very depressing manner. "We don't want anything," she said, and carefully closed the door. Owing to the lack of presence of mind on his part, he neglected to put his foot in the way, and prevent the door from being closed until he had had his own say, and thus the opportunity was lost. He sighed, and went to the next door Here he rang the bell twice, but there was no response: the occupants saw him approach. Somewhat weakened in faith he went to the third house. The family received him, thumbed over the specimen book, admired the pictures,

and said that they were not prepared to subscribe now, but could tell better in the spring. He received considerable strength and hope from this reception, but he left it behind him when he withdrew, and instinctively wiped something from his eye, which, were he not a book canvasser, might have done very well for a tear. At the fourth house, a woman came to the door, gave him a hard look, and immediately shut herself in: not a word had been exchanged, and he slowly retired.

The next building was a lumber office. A man with spectacles was bent over some papers at the desk. He looked up and hearing the canvasser, detected at a glance his mission, and stared coldly at him. Our friend began in a faltering voice, "I have called to solicit your—." "That'll do," said the lumberman, in a stern voice, resuming his inspection of the papers on the desk. The canvasser gave him a look as if he would like to knock him endways, and then withdrew. Outside the building he paused a moment, as if to be guided what to do. He was strongly tempted to go home and give up in despair, but the thought of his poverty

checked this impulse. He looked up and down the almost deserted street, on which the sun lay in a glare of heat. Not a ray of hope did he detect in the buildings or in the air. He passed three houses without the courage to call on any of them. Those who saw him pass must have wondered if he was not ill, or deranged. At the fourth house he stopped, a little girl answered his call. She saw the books under his arm, and taking the cue from his appearance, said, "We don't want anything," and she too closed the door in his face. Smarting with the humiliation of his defeat he passed several houses without calling, and brought up at a factory. He went through the building to the office, his feet feeling as if full of lead, and his heart scarcely lighter. There were several men busy in the long room through which he passed. It was only a picture of the pale-faced, sober woman at home that gave him the strength to step at all. They saw his mission and turned up their noses in derision. They worked for their living and could afford to despise the lank shirk, who went about selling books and living on the fat of the land.

He went his way, noon passed without his

lunch—he had not the heart to eat it. It was hard to be poor, it was had to be so unsucessful, but it was ten times harder to be an object of derision, scorn, distrust and contempt. When he went in his wife heard him and came to the door, where he was. The look of hopeful expectation died out of her pale face in a flash. One glance at him told the whole story more eloquently than words could have done. He laid down his books, shivering as he did so. As he went to turn towards her the loving arms were about his neck. He said, "Lizzie, it was all so dreadful." She drew her arms tighter about his neck. "Don't talk about it, John; you did the best you could, I know; and if you have failed you cannot help it. We have got each other and the children, John." "Yes, Lizzie, but I am not the man I was when I left you this morning. Then I was respected if I was poor." "John," she cried in an affrighted voice, looking at him in the face, "what have you done." "Nothing, my dear wife, but to try and get bread; but I have been made to feel that I was a scalawag, a liar, an outcast, a scoundrel, and a thief. I have been shut out of houses, bullied from

shops, and shunned in the street." He quivered in every nerve as he spoke. "All for my sake and the children's, dear John." She spoke up with her eyes full of tears. "God bless you." And in the benediction so lovingly pronounced the burden fell from his shoulders. The next day he gave up the agency. This is to a greater or less extent the experience of every agent. I have experienced all but the latter part of it. Sometimes when you have orders taken, it is still harder to deliver them; some will dodge you. A young man once hid away from me amongst a pile of coffins (fancy).

Personal Experiences.

When I was in a pretty little town on the Northern Railway—the town of B.—on my round, I called into a store with my Bible samples, and addressed myself and business to a gentleman behind the counter. He was quite civil, but did not require anything in my line but said he, "That gentleman over there might want something," directing me to a gentleman over at the desk, whom I supposed to be the proprietor. I crossed over and politely addressed

him, and after a few words of conversation, he pointed to a notice hanging by the counter near the door, which I had not noticed, and said, "Read that." I crossed over and read it. It was a placard with all kinds of agencies, from a Bible down. In fact I may say from a needle to an anchor, including book agents, lightning-rod agents, farming implements, hat-rack men, fly-trap agents, and picture agents, and all the rest of it, down to watch glasses, saying that they did not want any of these things. And on it a finger pointing to the door saying, "This is the way out, we have no time to argue the point with you, and if you don't go we'll help you out." I said, "That is very good," and went a few steps toward him and said before I went, "Allow me to tell you, sir, I think that is no credit to your shop. I think it is a disgrace to it. You are a public man yourself, dealing with the public and getting your living by them, and if you cannot patronize others, you can, at least, be courteous; but some people are like a sponge, they will take all in and give but little out. You deserve patronage and I will send you customers." I was not vexed, I possessed my soul in patience;

but thought that I would do that much for agents' posterity. With this friendly caution, I bowed him good morning. I called a couple of days after to buy some oranges and patronize him if only on a small scale, and to see if it was still there. He had revised it—it read, "Good looking ladies excepted."

In the same town I called at a nice-looking house, a young girl answered the door, she looked as if she might belong to the family and not a servant. Of course, I was a stranger and asked if the lady was in. She said, "Yes, but she did not think she could see any one," and asked if she could take the message. I said, "I could not satisfactorily send the message. I preferred, if convenient, to see her for a few moments; if not I would call again," and asked her if she would please tell her—she did not seem willing, and I said, "Please mention it to her, it is your duty to do so." "I won't do it," she said, and slammed the door. That was the first time in my experience as an agent and I think it was the last, for as a rule I was very well received. I said nothing to any one about it, but enquired who lived there. I was informed that he was

station agent. I called at his place of business, and found that he was a gentleman, and sold him a Family Bible. When I delivered it I told him the reception I got at his house. He said that "Those were the orders."

SARAH OVER AGAIN.

I shall only mention one more circumstance under this head, and this has comforted me ever since. Wherever I went or travelled it accompanied me as a benediction, for such it really was. I was in a fine town east of Toronto, and passing a large manufacturing establishment, I would not, of course, go where so many hands were; it would neither be practicable nor prudent. Everything was beautiful and clean around it, I thought that I would call at the office. It might be that I could sell a Family Bible to the proprietor. I don't think it was the proprietor that was in the office. But he was a fine looking gentleman; he looked to be about thirty or so. I showed him my sample and talked over its good qualities, which he saw was correct, and spoke highly of it. "But," said he, "why do you work so hard? Why don't you do like Mrs. —," some-

body he mentioned, that was travelling, selling the life of General Lee. I said, "What is that?" Said he, "She asked one of our clerks to go for a drive." Said I, "Did he go." "Of course he did; he would be as good a man as her." "Well sir," said I, "I wish you and everybody else to know that I am quite a different person to that. I have two objects in view in selling this book, one is to get an honourable living, and the next, not least, is to aid in some humble way in distributing the Word of God. That state of things may do for this life, but will not do for the life to come. And," said I, "this good Book says something like this, 'Rejoice young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but remember that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.'" I bade him good-bye, but he reached out his hand to shake hands with me and said, "Good-bye, and God bless you." I will never forget my feelings when I turned away. Tears of gratitude and joy so filled my heart, that He counted me worthy to speak for His name; that tears of gratitude coursed down my cheeks. Had it come from a minister I would not have appre-

ciated it half so much. And I went on my way rejoicing, that I was counted worthy to speak in His name. He said, "He would like one of the Bibles very much, but could not afford it just then, but would take one as soon as he could." I gave him the address of the house, and he was to mention my name as agent of the said Bible.

THE BOYS IN THE LAKE.

Reminiscences of a thrilling tale, by a mother (Mrs. J. S. R.), which I never can forget. I had read and heard the story of "The Babes in the Wood," which, I suppose, will never be forgotten. But as this was more thrilling to me, if possible, as I got it from their mother's own lips.

When in the town of Leamington, Ontario, situated about a mile from the lake. A couple of summers ago I was there, and in my business line I called at a respectable looking residence and was shown in. I found the lady of the house, a fine, portly looking lady, affable and courteous. In the course of conversation I asked her how many children she had. She said, "Five living and three dead." They had three beautiful boys all drowned at once; one was

eleven years old, and the other two were twins, aged nine years. On the day that they were drowned their father, previous to going to his shop, had left them some little job to do in the garden. After awhile they came to their mother and asked her if they might go to the lake and have a bathe, when they had finished what their father left them to do. She said, "Yes," and thought no more about it, till a couple of hours after, when two boys, a little older than themselves, who had gone with them came up with her boys' clothes over their arm, and said, "Your boys are all drowned, we tried to save them but could not." She despatched a messenger to the shop for their father, who came running home, and said, "Where are the boys?" She said, "In the lake." He started without saying anything more, and nearly opposite the house there is a grist-mill, and by it stood a horse and buggy; he ran and jumped into it, and another man with him, and started for the lake. She said to the boys, "Run and show him the place;" but they could not catch up to the buggy. By this time her eldest son, a young man, had come from the shop. She said, "Run with him, and show him

the place." They ran to the lake, but the place they went to bathe was not where they were accustomed to go, but a more secluded spot, and there was some kind of a hole that they were not aware of, into that they got and were all drowned. Opposite the place where they were drowned was a high perpendicular bank. When their brother went into the lake where the boys showed him, he found this hole and his three brothers lying side by side in it, all dead. He took up one to carry him ashore, and not knowing what he was doing, was going to climb up this steep bank. But he got him ashore, and then went back for another, then another, and then they were taken home and laid out side by side, and the neighbours came and strewed them all over with flowers. When she was narrating this the big tears trickled down her cheeks, for it had only happened two summers before. I mingled my tears with hers until I had not a dry eye in my head. And as I gazed admiringly at her my impression was that she should have had a gold medal presented to her with an inscription of condolence on it, for not having dropped down dead.

The Mother's Dream.

She told me that about a month before the occurrence, that she had a terrible dream, and she awoke her husband, crying, and he aroused her—she could not stop crying. He wanted to know what the matter was, and she said, "The boys are in the lake;" but he assured her it was not the case. He said that they were all upstairs in their beds. But she could scarcely be persuaded. But, strange to say, it went out of her mind and she never thought of it again till after the occurrence. She said, "That the only extenuating circumstance in the case was, that the boys did not go without asking permission."

I have known cases that have been related to me, where such has been the case, for a less cause. Some time ago a person related to me a circumstance of a friend of theirs, whose son had gone from home on a visit and took sick and died, and his mother was sent for. He was a young man. When she arrived, her brother-in-law, I believe he was, gave her his arm to escort her to the coffin, where he was laid out. When

she got to the coffin she looked in, and then she gave the coffin-lid one blow with her fist, and said, "John, you have crossed the river before me," and she fell dead, and crossed the river after him.

Reception of the Governor-General and Princess Louise at Halifax.

It was amusing to note the demeanour of the military stationed along the route. Here an officer, with a drawn sword, in a threatening way would declare in the most positive way, "I tell you it's no use, you cawn't paws heah!" But the next instant he would find his sword-arm thrown upward, and with his sword high above his head, find himself spinning around like a teetotum, with all classes supplying the motive power. Perhaps the next man who attempted to keep back the crowd would be a philosophical private, who, after a very mild remonstrance with the head of the advancing column, would take his rolling in perfect good nature. One of this latter class remarked, "Howly Father of Moses, a man couldn't stop thim fellows widout killin' some of them, and thin they wouldn't."

The Black Prince.

A big Indian walked twenty miles into Halifax to see the Vice-regal personages. He said he wanted to see the Princess very badly, but he wanted more especially to see the Black Prince, as it was the first time he had ever heard that the Great Mother had a black son. He had the Duke of Edinburgh and the name of his ship mixed up together.

Of course, everybody was on tiptoe to see the daughter of our beloved Queen, and the boys might have been heard to say, "Isn't she nice? Why there are people here as slings on more style than she does, and if you take off your hat and yell right in her face, she just looks right at you and smiles."

It just reminds me of when the Prince of Wales was here, years ago. I went to Toronto to see him. A young girl could not get near enough for the crowd, so she mounted the fence of the park, and took of her hat and waved it enthusiastically round her head.

Registering the Dogs.

A reporter watching the process of registering dogs by the Chief :—

Enter a man.—"I have a dog and want a check." "Have you paid your taxes?" "Yis, by me sowl, more to me sorror. Shure its nothing but taxes, begobs its taxin' the hair on a man's head yez'll be afther soon." "Have you a receipt?" "Sorra a recait?" "You must get it, or a certificate of taxes paid, from the Collector." "Then, begobs, if that's the way, the dog may take his chances." (*Exit.*)

Enter an Old Lady—"I want a dog check, if you please." "Yes ma'am. Paid your taxes, I suppose." "Yes sir, here's the receipt and the twenty-five cents." "All right, ma'am—now your name and residence." "What do you want that for?" "The statistics o' the depairtment, ma'am." "Wonder you don't want a person's age too, and the color of their hair and eyes." "Oh, no, that's not necessary, ma'am." The Chief bowed the old lady out.

Enter a Woman—"Och, Misther Cummins, Misther Cummins, but yer the cruel, man, here's

me beautiful little dog a cowld corpse, shot dead by that villin wid the gun. An' shure they wor takin' away one little darlint that was such a joy an' comfort to me, to bury it in the cowld ground. Och, the murtherin villin av a p'liceman." "You should have had a check for it, ma'am." "Don't ma'am me, sir, I know me own bizness. Shure it's not a little dog like that would be doin any harm, goin round bitin' people, an givin thim the hobyfoby!" "Well, it's the law. Ald. Munro deserves credit for ridding the city of so many useless dogs." "Ye don't say so, me gintleman. Sorra a ha'porth av credit yez gives anybody here. It's stand and deliver, or pop goes the gun." (*Exit.*)

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

Real Live Mormons.

Some time ago I happened to go to the town of St. ———. It happened to be fair time, and every boarding-house was filled to overflowing, or was expected to be so. After looking round for some time, I was directed to a private boarding-house, in Spring Street. I wended my way thitherward. I arrived at the place, rang the bell, and a tall, dark complexioned, black haired lady answered the door. She was the landlady.

She had a peculiar cast in her eye, and if you looked her full in the face, she would drop her eyes. I did not like the expression. She had what my husband used to call a "cock-eye." I asked, "Do you take boarders here?" She said, "Yes, come in." I enquired her terms. Without replying to my question, she said, "Take off your things, and take tea anyway—it is nearly ready." I thought her very hospitable. But said, "Thank you, I would rather secure a home first." Then we made an arrangement and she gave me the parlour to sleep in, and her own delightful feather bed. It was drawing towards evening at this time. There was another woman,

a much smaller woman She was rather a blonde, a good deal younger than the other, but minis her front teeth, and she had a little girl. They had one gentleman boarder. These comprised the household. After tea the elder lady said, "We are alone, we have no men around, they are all out in the field preaching." "Oh! indeed," I said. "Yes." I thought that I had fould a nice boarding-house, and felt quite pleased. I said, "Are they both out preaching?" She said, "Yes." I said, "What denomination is it that you belong to?" The little one spoke out and said, "Latter-day Saints." Said she, "We are Mormons." I was so shocked that before I thought I was so irreverent as to say, "Lord, bless me, Mormons! I didn't know that there were any Mormons this side of Salt Lake." And the happy feelings I had a few moments before were gone in a flash, and gloomy forebodings took their place. I said in my own mind, with Samantha, "This world is a curious place, lots of times the ground seems to lay smooth and serene under your rocking-chair, when all the time an earthqua e may be on the point of bursting open and swallowing you up,

chair and all." I felt very uncomfortable. I did not like to say I would not stop, but thought if any one should ask, as they often do, where I was boarding, how should I say, "With a Mormon family." So I made up my mind if any one did, I would tell them the number and street. I found that answered every purpose. Soon they began to talk up their faith and doctrine as they called it. But they were mistaken in their subject. They had it that all the Churches were astray and gone into the wilderness. I said, "It was a pity if all were astray, but this miserable lot." I enquired if they had ever been members of any other Church, and found that they had been the round of them all, pretty much; but never had true happiness before. They had been seeking, but never were satisfied before, in any Church. Mrs. M., I shall call the tall lady, said that her father was a very strict elder in the Presbyterian Church, for fifty years; but would never rise in the first resurrection. I did not tell her then, that she ought to have been ashamed to say that of her father—a good Christian man. But I did before I got through with her. It would not have done to have told

her then. Mrs. P., is the first initial of the smaller woman. She and her husband were the means of the conversion of Mrs. M. and her husband. They said that they belonged to the London branch. I got quietly from them an account of their conversion. The little woman gave me hers in a very feeling manner, and I think she thought it would have influenced me in a very different way, or she would not have given it so feelingly.

Among the rest, she always thought there should be miracles, and revelations, and teachers, and prophets, and gifts of healing, and all the rest of it; and when she found that Church—it must be in the world somewhere—she would join it, and she did. Well, I told her I hoped she would not see the day she would repent of it; that Fanny Stenhouse was just as sincere as she was, and lived to repent it. Said I, "You will be drafted to Salt Lake, and have the misery of polygamy to contend with." I said Mrs. M—— is getting up in years, and I think as Brigham would say, she has had her day, for Mc is her third husband—of course I did not say this to her. Oh! at this she was indignant at the

thoughts of polygamy. It was not Brigham's faith at all. Brigham had apostatized. It was the recognized Church of Joe Smith. I told them that polygamy was practised in his day. That Brigham had not apostatized, but, on the contrary, had kept them together. I asked them f they knew anything of the history of what they had joined. I found they knew nothing about it, and told them they were a band of thieves and robbers, for I had read the history of it long ago, and not to allow thems.lves to be deluded by these straggling men. This little woman, after they had called, had given her husband no rest till they both got baptized. She said the place was shaken where they were, and they prophesied that they would be of the Aronick priesthood. They gave me the Book of Mormon to read. I read a few sentences, and they asked me what I thought of it. I said it was balderdash; some Scripture passages mixed up with a lot of trash. I said I wished they would not meddle with our Bible. She said the ministers all worked for pay. I said "the workman was worthy of his hire," and they had to be supported some way, and she was getting nothing from her husband, and got

entirely out of wood, and their whole doctrine was baptism, and faith of Jesus. I said, why don't you take the whole Scriptures, and not one or two passages? The same book says, "He is worse than an infidel who does not provide for his own house." I could hear her, when an elder came in, saying all the time, "He is worse than an infidel who dosen't provide for his own house." She had not seen him for months, and I think she made it hot for Mrs. P——, who was the means of her and her husband joining them. She had given up a good living, left by her last husband, to marry this man, and now he was out lecturing Mormonism, and doing nothing for her. I saw quite a few that called there: straggling elders or teachers, and I did not see a respectable man amongst them, only one farmer, and he and I had it. Then they got their teacher at me. I asked him how long he had been a Mormon. He told me. I asked him if he knew the history of the Church he had joined. I found he knew nothing about it. I told him it would be well for him to investigate, and know what he was about in a matter of such vast importance.

When any of the brethren came from a dis-

tance they always entertained them. One of the elders came, and the good sister asked about some one who had been going to their meetings, if he had been there, he said yes, he had been there, and gave a good Methodist testimony. I said nothing, but I knew that was not a good Mormon's testimony. Well, I could see plainly, that though Mrs. M—— tried to put on a good front, that she was not rooted and ground in the faith. But I don't know as she ever was in any, for she left the Presbyterian to be immersed in the Baptist Church; and one day the Presbyterian minister came to see her father, and she was talking up baptism to him, and he said the only immersion he knew of in the Bible, was that of the swine in the lake, they were drowned; and she never received him after. Just before I left there was a man came there, he was like a tramp, and he said he never got so much good anywhere in his life as he got the little time since he joined them. When we sat to breakfast I mentioned grace being said, as I did not see there was going to be any; then she asked this man who had got so much good

and he said he had not got so far as that yet. Where was his progress? I am afraid I made it shakey for all. Finally, they told me if I mentioned Mormon or Saint to them again while I was in the house—well, they did not say they would heave a flowerpot at me, but I think they felt as if they would like to. If there is any virtue in baptism, immersion, or sprinkling, I think Mrs. M—— should rise in the first resurrection. As she was first sprinkled in the good old Presbyterian Church; second, immersed in the Baptist Church; and thirdly, in the Mormon—or Latterday Saints' Church. She was immersed. I do not say this from any sectarian spirit, for my belief is, that at best it is the thing signified, or in other words, into what were you baptised? Was it in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; or, was it into the name of the water?

The few members in that town seem to be entirely ignorant of the history of Mormonism. And they say the recognised Church of Joe Smith is not the same as Brigham Young's. But it is just the same. They are one and the same.

An Anxious Leaf.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said "The wind told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground;" the twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf, "Do not be afraid, hold on tightly and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, some scarlet, and some striped with both colours. Then I asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and

they have put on these beautiful colours because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in colour it saw that the branches of the tree had no colour in them, and so the leaf said: "Oh, branches, why are you lead colour and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes for our life is not done; but your clothes is for a holiday, because your task is over." Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

Colonel Ingersoll.—The City of Ingersollville.

The following is a reply of Chaplain McCabe, to Colonel Ingersoll:—"I had a dream which was not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautiful country, when, suddenly I came to a beautiful city, with walls

fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel, whose shining armour reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city, he stopped me and said: 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' I answered, 'Yes, with all my heart.' Then said he, 'You cannot enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name pass in here. Stand aside, they are coming.' I looked down the road, and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer 'Who is that, I asked of the sentinel?' 'That, he replied, is the great Colonel Robert I——, the founder of the City of Ingersollville.' 'Who is he?' I ventured to enquire, 'He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the Union, during the great war.' I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history, and stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I——, but, of course, this could not be the man. The procession came near enough for me to recognise some of the faces. I noted two Infidel editors, of national celebrity, followed by great waggons, containing steam-presses. There were also five members of Congress. All the noted Infidels and

scoffers in the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchallenged by the sentinel. But at last, a meek-looking individual, with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance he was a well-known Liberal preacher, of New York. 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus,' said the sentinel. 'Not much,' said the Doctor.' Everybody laughed and he was allowed to pass in. There were artists there with glories ; singers with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame. Then came another division of the Infidel host. Saloon-keepers by thousands ; proprietors of gambling-hells, brothels, and theatres.

"Still another division swept by—burglars thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers. All—all marching in. My vision grew keener. I beheld, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear. High afloat above the mass was a banner on which was inscribed, 'What has Christianity done for the country?' and another on which was inscribed, 'Down with the Churches, away with Christianity—it interferes with our happiness.' And then came a murmur of voices that grew louder and louder until a shout

went up like the roar of Niagara, 'Away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him.' I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville. As the last of the procession entered, a few men and women with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets made their appearance and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist exhorter, with a Bible under his arm, asked permission to enter, but the sentinel swore at him awfully. Then I thought I saw Brother Moody, applying for admission, but he was refused. I could not help smiling to hear Moody say, as he turned sadly away, 'Well, they let me live and work in Chicago, it's very strange they won't let me into Ingersollville.' The sentinel went inside the gate and shut it with a bang, and I thought as soon as it was closed a mighty angel came down with a great iron bar, and barred the gate on the outside, and wrote upon it in letters of fire, 'Doomed to live together for six months.' Then he went away, and all was silent, except the noise of the revelry and shouting that came from within the city walls. I went away, and as I journeyed through the land I could not believe my eyes.

Peace and plenty smiled everywhere, the jails were all empty, the penitentiaries were without occupants, the police of the great cities were idle, judges sat in court-rooms with nothing to do. Business was brisk. Many great buildings, formerly crowded with criminals, were turned into manufacturing establishments. Just about this time the President of the United States called for a day of thanksgiving. I attended service in a Presbyterian Church. The preacher dwelt on the changed condition of affairs as he went on, and depicted the great prosperity that had come to the country, and gave reasons for devout thanksgiving. I saw one old deacon clap his handkerchief over his mouth to keep from shouting right out. An ancient spinster, who never did like the noisy Methodists—a regular old blue-stocking Presbyterian—couldn't hold in. She expressed the thought of every heart, by shouting with all her might, 'Glory be to God for Ingersollville.' A young theological student lifted up his hand and devoutly added, '*Esto perpetue.*' Everybody smiled. The whole country was almost delirious with joy. Great

processions of children swept along the highway, singing :—

"'We'll not give up the Bible,
God's blessed word of truth.'

"Vast assemblies of reformed inebriates, with their wives and children, gathered in the open air. No building would hold them. I thought that I was in one meeting where Bishop Simpson made an address, and as he closed it a mighty shout went up, till the earth rang again. Oh! it was wonderful. And then we all stood up and sang with tears of joy :—

"'All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

"The six months had well nigh gone. I made my way back to the gate of Ingersollville. A dreadful silence reigned over the city, broken only by the sharp crack of a revolver now and then. I saw a man trying to get in at the gate, and I said to him, 'My friend, where are you from?' 'I live in Chicago,' said he, 'and they taxed us to death there, and I've heard of this city, and I want to go in to buy some real estate

in this new and growing place.' He utterly failed to remove the bar, but by some means he got a ladder about twelve feet long, and with its aid he climbed up upon the wall, With an eye to business, he shouted to the first person he saw, 'Hallo, there, what's the price of real estate in Ingersollville?' 'Nothing,' shouted a voice, 'you can have all you want, if you'll just take it and pay the taxes.' 'What made your taxes so high,' said the Chicago man. I noted the answer carefully, I shall never forget it. 'We've to build forty new jails, and fourteen penitentiaries, a lunatic assylum, and also an orphan asylum in every ward. We've had to disband the public schools, and it takes all the city revenue to keep up a police force.' 'Where's my old friend I—?' asked the Chicago man. 'Oh, he's going about to-day with a subscription paper to build a church.' They have gotten up a petition to send for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival services. If we can only get them over the wall, there's a future for Ingersollville yet.' The six months ended; instead of opening the door, however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to

crawl through at a time. First came two bankrupt editors, followed by Col. I—— himself, and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city. There was Moody, and Hammond, and Earle, and hundreds of Methodist preachers and exhorters, and they struck up, singing together, 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.' A needier crowd never was seen on the earth before. I conversed with some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city, and asked a few of them this question, 'Do you believe in hell?' I cannot record the answers, they were terribly orthodox. One old man said, 'I have been there on probation six months, and I don't want to join.' I knew by that that he was an old Methodist backslider. The sequel of it all was a great revival that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined city of Ingersollville."

Some may not know anything about Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the great infidel. I would like to ask those who follow his teachings, how they would like to live in Ingersollville.

Praying to the Winds.

In the growing town of Ingersoll—not Ingersollville—in making calls I met a good Christian lady, we had what to me is always interesting, a talk on heavenly and divine things. It is so few, now-a-days, who choose it for a subject; as now the theme is "Who will show us any good?" In other words, "The almighty dollar."

In the course of our conversation this dear woman said, "In prayer I have always been troubled as to the personality of the God to whom I pray, or in other words, the identity. They say that God has no parts, that he is just spirit." This is as near as I can put it, to her meaning. That he has no parts nor passions. I had often d this advanced before from the pulpit, d thought on the subject. And though hat sometime I would have a conversation with some minister on the subject, but I never had. "But," said this lady friend, "I once got an advice from a minister and it was a good one." I asked what it was. I was interested. Said she, "He told me to pray to the winds, and to believe that I was praying to God all the while."

I must confess that I found it hard to keep serious, it upset my gravity, I am almost sorry to say. But I said, "Sister, I would not like to pray to the winds. True, God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. But at the same time he is a real personage. The God who made heaven and earth and all that in them is. And God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father, how sayest thou, then, show us the Father, or have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip?" This is a mystery, but so is everything.

Then our blessed Redeemer, even when transfigured on the Mount, the disciples knew him, and said, "Master, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Moses, one for Elias, and one for Thee." And in that glorified body he ascended up on high, to the right hand of God, where He ever liveth to make intercession for us. This is the God, the Unity, and Trinity, the Godhead, to whom we should pray. To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh, seen of Angels, be-

lieved on in the world, and received up into glory. We had a pleasant interview, and this dear sister invited me to come and visit her, but I did not have an opportunity before leaving the town.

Running a Salt Block after the Resurrection.

What very strange views some people have with regard to the great hereafter. I have met with people holding all kinds of beliefs. In the town of H——, there is a family who owns the finest mansion in the town. He has the family vault in the basement of his mansion, so that they will all be buried or laid there. So when he rises he expects to live in the same mansion and the same place. And he expects to run his salt block just the same as he does now. They believe that when people die that their souls or spirits go off like smoke, and that is all there is of it. And they believe, as well as do a great many others, that this earth will be the future heaven of the saved. You would think that might be excused; but the idea of running a salt block and following the same business! I can-

not see why so many want their heaven on this earth. With all its grandeur and beauty, I would just as soon have it somewhere else. And St. John saw an innumerable company there eighteen hundred years ago. I think where God is is the most glorious place in all worlds; and where He is, is Heaven. And may all of us get there through Christ.

Quite a number of people have said to me, "Mrs. G—, it is a wonder that you are not married again, such a fine looking woman as you (pardon the reference to myself). I am not handsome; but weigh a pretty good heft by the steelyards (borrowed language), soft brown hair, was considered well built. Well, without any boasting, I have had several what I will term *bona-fide* offers. I have had some others, but these I make no calculation on. When I was only eleven months a widow, a worthy farmer offered me his heart and hand, and a farm of a hundred and fifty acres of land in a beautiful part of Ontario. He had cattle and poultry without number. He had seven horses and

waggons and buggies in proportion. He was willing to lay them all at my feet. He was a widower, and strange to say, his wife was dead just the same length of time as my husband, the same year and the same month of the year. He said that he had only two children that would be at all depending on him, and they were no more than we would want, as the little boy could now go for the cattle, and the little girl could side off the table. And furthermore, he said I could send any person that I liked to see his place and surroundings, and to inquire about him. He told me the size of his house, etc., a large house situated in the middle of the orchard, on an elevation, just a garden between it and the road. I knew that he was in dead earnest, because he acted so much like my Willie, and it was love at first sight. I am sure if my old friend Mrs. W— had been there it would have been a match sure, for he was a very respectable man; and to be truthful, I now think that I was foolish not to take him. But I am naturally sensitive and clinging, and could not so soon forget the dear departed, and besides, I feared that I would not make a good farmer's

wife, not having been used to it. As he was a very respectable man and very anxious to have it come off, I had to give him an answer of some kind. We were just the same age. He said he did not intend to remain single, as he was still strong, and moreover, his wife told him that as soon as he found a suitable person, to get married, and never to depend to his children. I told him that I did not know whether I should ever change my name again or not. I did not know what I might do in the future, but I could not think of saying anything to any one so soon. To that he said he would not hurry me to a month or two, if I would only consent. He said that I would be selling butter and eggs instead of Bibles. I said jocosely, to try him, "That, perhaps, I might be putting them all on the table." "Oh," said he, "there would be plenty for the table too." I said, "I feared that I would make a poor farmer's wife. I would have to bring the cows into the kitchen to milk them." He said, "Did you never do anything of that kind?" I said, "When I was a little girl, I saw them do it." Many a time when I was a girl growing up I took off a good churn of butter;

but I did not tell him so. Another thing, I dreaded the honour of being a stepmother, and I thought I could not like him well enough, but he persevered so and gave me the reminder that in ten years I would not be able to do what I was doing now, etc. I consulted my landlady on the subject, and different to my friend Mrs. W—, she advised me against it, saying, "She had got her fill of a farm. Let him get a wife in the country. Not," said she, "but he is a very respectable man." She and her husband had quit farming, to run an hotel. Very respectable people they were. But I took her advice and refused a comfortable home. He said, "I should do no hard work; he would have the men attend to the milking and churning, till he sowed down the farm, and put the milk in the factory, that was what he intended doing and taking comfort.'

A very respectable gentleman I met on the train; though in travelling as I am all alone, I never make acquaintance of total strangers of either sex. I am naturally retiring, perhaps a little too much so for my own good. I sometimes think, that through that I may have lost

some of the best opportunities in life, being exceedingly anxious to escape vulgar notoriety, while I might wish to win in quiet the approval of the worthy.

In this case a circumstance occurred just as the express train was fairly started from Hamilton, going east, which brought the passengers to the door. Just at that place there is a very deep cutting, and consequently a very steep embankment, and down that very steep embankment an immense large boulder came hurling onto the track in front of the engine, and only for the watchfulness of the engineer we might have had a sad accident; but he saw it just as it got on the track a short distance in front of the locomotive. Thus this large boulder introduced us, and a much larger boulder terminated our correspondence. He was dressed in the garb of a clergyman, and said he was one. He looked clerical, and rather delicate. As his seat was in front of mine, we kept up a conversation of not much importance. He was travelling for his health and pleasure. He said he had come by water to see the City of Hamilton, and that he had a very pleasant sail, and enquired the fare by rail. When I got to

my journey's end I took no more notice of him, and went to the hotel where I always put up. I think he must have noticed where I went, for next morning after breakfast, who should I meet in the hall but him, and had a warm shake hands. He said he came to this hotel, because the one he went to was so near the track that he could not sleep with the noise of the locomotives. He seemed quite gentlemanly. When I went into the dining-room at dinner time, he drew back the chair by him. Doctor M—— was boarding there, and occupied a seat at the head of the table, and he at the Doctor's right. I sat on his right; and the Doctor's niece boarded there. She was saleswoman in a store, and sat to the left of the Doctor. This is where we were seated all the time I remained. In the meantime this gentlemen was showing me letters from his home in England, which he called a palace, or castle, for he professed to be no less a personage than an English baronet. On his visiting card was "Baronet E. L. W., D.D." This Dr. M—— got quite taken up with him; he had also been showing him letters from his home, and if this Doctor saw him conversing with me, he would

come abruptly and ask him away to his room, and introduce him to his niece, and he would show him letters from her mother, what a good Christian family she was of.

He was an old bachelor, and older than I am. When I got through with my business I was going off to another place. My friend asked me when I would be back there again. I told him I had to return about such a time, if I got through, but was never certain. Then he asked my address. I gave him my address at my head-quarters, where they forward my letters from. He left the next day after I did, and told them he would be back such a time, and left his respects for me. Of course, I did not think that I should ever see him again, but, to my surprise, sometime after that, when I was away east, I received a telegram to say that he was at the hotel and wished to see me. He had enquired for my whereabouts at head-quarters, and had enquired all the way down till he found where I was. He had all the news of Dr. M—— and niece at the town of G——, as he had stopped there on his way down, and the Doctor would take his niece, and introduced her at his room,

and told him I had criticised him, not having a suit of servants, if he was such a big man, and also the texture of his clothing. I said, "Did the Doctor tell you that?" Finally he, Dr., wanted to borrow money of him. I said he should have had a piece of bread and cream. And every now and then he would be telling me of his great wealth, not in a boasting way, but a little at a time. And it was well he took that way because if your head was not well balanced it might have a serious effect. I may say he seemed to nearly have all the world, and a patch beyond it for a potato-patch. I am not a Yankee, but I go for Independence in some things. I kept cool. Finally, he proposed to me in writing, and I was to find the answer in my closet and give it to him the same, in writing. After making it a matter of earnest prayer, I gave him the following answer on paper:—"If God is pleased to give me the earthly Canaan before the Heavenly, welcome be the Will of the Lord. But his children have always a goodly heritage. And I added, yes." He had told me of his grand castle with the servants all there. The deer park, fish ponds, fountains and all the grandeur, and his

whole talk was lords and dukes. The wealth and grandeur and aristocracy can neither be sung nor told; surely, I thought it was better to be born lucky than handsome. I said what ever will two people like us do with so much wealth. For my own part, like the wisest man, "I neither desired poverty nor great riches," but a happy medium. After this we considered ourselves engaged. I couldn't get married till I settled up my business, and he was engaged, having three hundred men on fifty thousand acres of land he had bought in Texas, making it like a prairie, before returning to England. Then the families would pay the rents to a rector there, and he would deposit it in the bank, and he would have nothing to do but draw it on the bank at home. I said, "Why do you trouble yourself so, when you have so much wealth without it?" He said, "We are only stewards of what God gives us, and that while he was doing good to himself, he was at the same time doing good to others, and that some of these knew him since he was a little boy, and his father before him." He said, "His father was one of the six bishops, who married the Princess Royal, of England." He

left for awhile and we agreed to correspond as brother and sister in the Church, when he came we called each other that. When he came again he wanted me to get married and go to Texas, but that I would not do. I would not till he would be going home, if then. He was quite the gentleman in every way, and was the only one I thought I could change my name for. That is all I have seen to the present. But somehow, he had always trouble with the banks and his remittance from home. I wrote, unbeknown to him, to two post-offices in Texas, and received replies to both, but they were unacquainted with him. I heard from him regularly up till a very short time before the Ashtabula catastrophe. Just before it he wrote me he was coming, and I suppose he met his fate with P. Bliss and all the other good men and people, in that dreadful crash. As I had a letter shortly before, that he was coming such a time, and all would be well then. And as he had no relations in the country, there was no one to tell the tale, nor had he any near relatives in England, as he was the only survivor of a family of three children—a brother and a sister both dead. This, then, is the bigger

boulder that stopped our correspondence. And I did not x my mind on any one since. I don't think any one will blame me. He came three times from Texas from the time we met, and was coming again as stated. As far as I know, but am not certain that it was the case.

But I mentioned three offers, and this I must make very short. He was a respectable, retired farmer, in a town where I was doing some business. He had lost his wife some time before, and had no children, nor any encumbrance; and, like my first lover, it was the first impression. He was, however, a great deal older than I, and I did not think enough of him to take another important step. He seemed determined, whether I was willing or no. But my friend, Mrs. W—, was not there this time either. He raised his hand to high heaven, and swore, "If I would not have him, he would never marry womankind." Well, he came three several journeys to where I was, at three several places, dressed in style to be married, if I would only consent; twice by rail, and the other time he came with a livery rig, twenty miles; and on his way home

that day—a cold, rainy, freezing day, one of those kind that freezes as fast as it rains. When he got home to his hotel where he stayed, he couldn't get out of the cutter. The buffalo was all frozen around him, where it was tucked round him, and it had rained all the way, and froze as fast as it rained, and him, and the buffalo, and all were frozen one solid mass, and he could not get out for some time. I don't know but what they had to thaw him out. He had on a new hat, he had sent to Toronto for, and that was enamelled with ice, and frozen to his head; and when at last he got extricated, he didn't know where he was; he went round about and round about, and was ashamed to say he did not know where he was; and he kept on that way for some time, till some man he was acquainted with came up, and he said nothing, but walked off with him, and soon he began to see where he was; and he said after that, "The woman would turn any man's head." The next time he came dressed with that intention, he found I was going to St.——, to call on some friends; and when I got to the station to take the early train, he was there ahead of me, and came meeting me. He said, "Have you

been to breakfast?" I said, "Have you?" "Yes, he had been there sometime, and breakfasted at the hotel." I said, "Where are you going?" He said, "To St.——." I said, "I am just going to call on them; am not going to visit them." The 'bus takes passengers to the hotel. I went in to arrange my toilet a little, when he told me what he had come for; that he was acquainted with the minister there, and he would bring him to the hotel and get married, and I could introduce him to my friends. I said, "I would do no such thing; that I had told him I did not come for a visit, but just a call. They were in a little trouble then." "Now," said he, "this is the third time I have come for the purpose." I said, "If I were going to do such a thing, do you suppose I would without any preparation?" Oh, I was well enough. I was annoyed at him, and would not so much as introduce him when cousins came into the hotel for me. I was annoyed at him coming. But I now think I behaved bad. He came once after that, and seemed excited, and said he would have me anyway; and said I slighted him, and he said he could dine with the Queen, and had been a magistrate for eighteen years; and if he

saw me walking with any one else he would knock him down, and if he died, to watch the papers, for he would leave me half of all he possessed. But I don't think he has died yet, as I have had no legacy left me that I know of yet.

He told me all he suffered coming to see me; how he had been frozen into a pillar of salt. I am beginning to fear I may have said "No" once too often.

But if anything agreeable should turn up, I would have him promise me, that he would not die first. Like an old couple in Blenheim, when I was there not quite two years ago. They died together, as every well-behaved couple ought to do. She died on Friday night, and the friends were watching every moment for the departure of the old gentleman. He went on Saturday night or Sunday morning. They were both buried together. They were both over eighty years old, and were born and brought up near each other, and got married and lived and died and were buried together—and, for anything I know to the contrary, may have a mansion in heaven, and keep house together to all eternity.

Now, dear reader—

"If you get there before I do, happy in the Lord,
Look out for me, I'm coming too, happy in the Lord."

Living Life over Again.

I have heard people say, "If I had life to go over again they would do very different to what they have." I don't know as it would be desirable, without the experience of what they have lived. I don't know that I could better it, unless differently situated, checkered, as it has been, so far as I have gone. I know not what God has in reserve for me yet. But even should the foundation be destroyed, I will, by His grace assisting me, hang on the promises. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give the rest."—Corn in Egypt.

And now for all the Ebenezers, for all the Bethels, and for all the Penuels, I thank His name.

"I will praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for what is to come."

P.S.—Every word of this may be relied on as true.

THE END.